new masses

VOL. LXI, NO. 12 • DECEMBER 17, 1946 • 15¢; IN CANADA 20¢

WHO IS STEALING FM?

A REAL-LIFE RADIO PLOT EXPOSED

by Eugene Konecky

MY REPLY TO BUDENZ

by Gerhart Eisler

NM'S ON-THE-SCENE REPORTS:

1. **WHAT THE MINERS TOLD ME**
   by Alfred Goldsmith
2. **I PICKET WITH MINNESOTA'S TEACHERS**
   by Meridel Le Sueur

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just a minute

DEAR READER: On October 22, we made an emergency appeal to keep NEW MASSES on the firing line against the combined opposition of J. Parnell Thomas and the more imminent threat of spiraling production costs.

At the time, we were faced with the urgent need of raising $10,000 by November 23. We asked you to help by mailing in $1 with the name of a friend to whom we would send ten issues as a trial subscription.

We almost made it, but not quite. A total of $8,600 came in as contributions, but only 337 names were submitted for trial subs. Despite the fact that the full $10,000 was not raised, sufficient funds were received to forestall two law suits and to maintain credit with our printer.

Marx said somewhere that the essence of life was struggle, to which we can only add that he wasn't kidding. Of course, there are struggles and struggles, and no doubt if we were an ordinary commercial publishing outfit everyone from the editor on down the line would long ago have surrendered. Recently a former efficiency expert of one of the large chains of national magazines, who happens to have an interest in what NM is doing, volunteered to spend some time examining the financing and production methods of NM. His comment was: "I don't believe in miracles, but this is it."

In commercial terms there is no NEW MASSES. What you receive in the mail or on the newsstand each week, believe me, is not so much a product of dollars and cents as a distillation of something that has no name. I suspect it is a kind of mirror-image, if you will, of yourself and thousands like you, the guts and the beating heart of the American people who simply refuse to die.

It is certain that the next few years will be scarred by class struggles of a decisive character. We in America, the strongest capitalist nation, bear a special responsibility in these struggles. And we of NEW MASSES feel our own responsibility is great, particularly to the middle-class Americans whom the pied pipers of reaction and fascism are now wooing with the panaceas of Morgan, du Pont and Hearst. The last election, in which middle-class votes played such a major role (see A. B. Magil's articles in NM of November 26 and December 3) pointed up a key problem for all progressives: small businessmen, professionals, white collar workers must be won over to the side of progress as allies of labor if 1948 is not to be a worse edition of 1946.

In this issue of NEW MASSES, as in past issues, you will find invaluable ammunition in the battle for the mind of the American middle class: the vivid on-the-spot reports by Alfred Goldsmith and Meridel LeSueur of the miners' and teachers' strikes; Eugene Konecky's article on the fight to save FM from being strangled by the radio monopolies; Gerhart Eisler's challenge to the Rankin-Budenz assault on anti-fascism; Rene Maublanc's discussion of Marxism and freedom.

I'VE given you few statistics, you will note; but I have the feeling that at this stage statistics are superfluous. What is necessary is that under the present crippling handicaps NM live. And this is the decision that is yours to make.

The Christmas season is here, the time for the giving of gifts. The finest gift you can make is a year's subscription to NM, and with each subscription, NM will make you a gift (see the back cover). You can select a book (including children's books), a record album, a print or serigraph, or a decorative tile, and we'll send it to the specified address. Our Promotion Department has issued an attractive folder, describing these gifts and telling you how to get them. Write for it today, and keep NM on the firing line.

PAUL KAYE
Business Manager.

NEXT week in NM: Dyson Carter writes on "What Marxism Offers the Scientist." Mr. Carter, author of "New Ways of Killing" (September 3) and "Soap-Opera Science" (October 29), is a noted Canadian scientist and writer.

new masses

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COAL VALLEY'S PEOPLE

(The following article was written before the strike ended.)

By ALFRED GOLDSMITH

Washington, Pa.

To go from the atmosphere of hysteria the press is whipping up about coal, into the mine communities, is a movement from madness to reason. It reminded this writer a little of the movement from the rear to the front during the war. Thus, as you go from New York to Pittsburgh, and from Pittsburgh south to the raw valleys where coal is dug, the picture comes into focus. The spurious logic of newspapers is overwhelmed by the logic of lives.

In this miner's world buried in the mountains you run into a stubborn, inarticulate stillness of men who need shorter hours and more pay—and more than that, too. The mine whistles are blowing at shift time these days but nobody hears them. The American flag waving remotely above these lives is, at the moment, a flag of vengeance. The Hungarian, Polish, Russian and American-Americans are walking around with their hands in their pockets and drinking beer in halls where Roosevelt's picture on the wall is a memory of a different kind of government. Some of the miners wear red hunting caps and license number tags on their backs, for the Pennsylvania deer season opens tomorrow.

So far, it is very quiet in the mine towns.

In Cokeburg, John "Lefty" Rados is a man with a burden. For he is not only a miner but the burgess of this mine town. Cokeburg has only a thousand inhabitants, but it has a government, even if it is just a little government. If things break for the worse, what will Rados do?

Rados is a big, hefty man of thirty-six, with the easy movement of an athlete. He sat in the tavern on top of a hill in Cokeburg, drinking beer and considering what he would do. Two puppies were chasing each other furiously across the floor. In the tavern everybody was suddenly listening carefully. There were half a dozen miners wearing their good suits, including an old man with handlebar mustaches who mined in upper Silesia as a boy and brought his trade to America, and a tiny little man with front teeth missing and a shy smile.

"What we don't like here is the way they're trying to set the country against the miners. We don't want kids or sick people going without heat in the cities. Hell, the miner himself won't have coal for *his* kids either—or the money to buy it. Dressed hog used to cost twenty-two cents; now it's forty-two cents a pound. They always blame the miners—always the miners," said Rados gloomily.

The little man with the shy smile and the front teeth missing mastered

his shyness to break in and out of the talk like a kid playing tag.

"Break four ribs, break arm—here—here," he said, touching himself in places. His bright eyes gleamed. "Doctor fix me up. I don't think I get up no more. But he die—not me," said the little man proudly. Everybody is with the little man now. "You know this place, Cokeburg? This is Phil Murray's old union, this Cokeburg. In 1942 they throw him out of the UMW. He stand up and make a speech. Cry like a baby."

The little man looked around him and said cautiously, "Everybody still like Phil Murray here."

The little man hid behind a beer, hid his mouth, his bright eyes laughing because not he but the doctor died, his memory of Phil Murray crying like a baby when Lewis bounced him out of the UMW.

Rados said to the girl behind the bar, "Another round of beers," He gripped the edge of the table with his big hands and said, "What'll we do here if it gets any tighter? Why, the Council and me, we'll handle the law and order. This ain't a company town any more. *We'll* deputize for this town."

In Chartier, another of these small mine patches, there is a valley through which a pleasant creek runs. They call it Ten Mile Creek. Last year a tornado ripped along the rim of the valley and it blew over the jerry-built miner homes. A finger points out places where houses used to be. But the tornado just missed the home of E. C. Culp.

E. C. Culp is a fifty-seven-year-old miner, a Negro. He is a patriarchal, eloquent man with a tenacious grip on ancestral farming ways out of South Carolina where he was born. There is a lot of living all around Culp. Chickens scratch in the ground, hogs root in a pen, corn stalks still stand from the summer planting, and kids play like mad along Ten Mile Creek.

The life of E. C. Culp, miner, is one of those anonymous, powerful working-class lives bypassed by American artists. He came north from South Carolina as a boy of fifteen, and he has worked more than forty years in the mines. There is surely a sense of art in Culp; he has formed a life out of the poor materials given him at birth. His house, farm, children, job and union are the unity which he has supplied with massive, intelligent energy. With his gray head, his red hunting cap, his big boots, his placid rhythm as he swings an axe behind his house, Culp looks like a big, relaxed man.

In 1927, after a strike, he was blackballed by the mine he had been working in. His picture was posted through the coal valleys in the offices of superintendents like the picture of a common criminal, and for ten years Culp did not work again in a mine. He traversed the bitter history of the thirties: Relief, WPA, Unemployed Councils.

He speaks with a wry sardonic humor about Jim Crow—which takes hold even in unions. "I set up local after local in 1927 and they promised me a union job. Ain't no Negro holding a union job in this district. But the man who drove me around while I did the organizing, he got the job. But I'm still a union man. . . . Maybe by next spring I'll quit the mines. Been in them a long time."

In the neat parlor hang the pictures of two of his seven children. Two sons: one wears a Navy, the other an Army uniform. E. C. Culp, Jr. is the soldier, twenty-six years old, a bright-faced small young man who served with the 99th Fighter Group, the

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famous Negro pursuit outfit that flew through the African and Italian campaigns.

Young Culp talks while E. C. Culp Senior leans back and listens with a proud, beaming look on his face.

"I've been away from here since I came home. . . . Sure, there's a lot of interesting things in the world. You get kind of restless. So I went up to New Jersey and worked for Johns-Manville. . . . Just a job. I figure if you have to work for somebody else whether it's steel, meat plant, Johns-Manville or anything else, it's all the same. It's working for somebody else. So I came back here."

He goes out of the parlor and Culp Senior rocking on his chair says, "My children have been a credit to me. Never give me a sassy word in their life. They work and give money to their mother, and she just puts it away for them. . . . I like to raise things—corn, hogs, dogs, chickens—and kids." He laughs a big laugh all of a sudden. Outside, through the window, a young kid walks along the edge of the creek, picks up an ear of corn and throws it gracefully through the air for a hundred and fifty feet smack into the hogpen.

"Good throw, ain't it?" says E. C. Culp. "That's my youngest, Frank Lee Culp. We call him Lindy. That boy . . . maybe he'll go to college. But it'll have to be a good college. No use a boy being half-educated, coming out in the world where people got real educations. . . . Don't you think so? A good college. When people like us that ain't got much money decide to send a boy to college, we all got to get behind him and kind of *push*."

You could see young Culp, seventeen, running along the creek. He was a lean, cleancut, healthy boy with the heart still in him, pumping strong, a boy running along a creek under a mild November sun.

"*Popular*," said his father. "He's too popular in school." He frowned. "Ain't good for one of our Negro boys to be *that* popular." Old Man Culp gets up and sets his cap firmly on his head and goes back to his chore of burying a stump in the ground. "If the union needs me," he says, chopping with his placid, steady rhythm, "I'll go through the towns again. Lots of people know me. I'll do what I have to, I'll do what they need me to do. But nobody's restless around here so far." He chops placidly and steadily at the ground, amidst the things growing around him, and every once in a while he looks up where Lindy, the youngest, runs along Ten Mile Creek.

Stefanelli.

IN THIS same valley there is a Turk, a miner of Turkish background, who lives by himself in a shack. His name is Hassan. He has big gray tufted eyebrows. He lives by himself, makes his own meals, does his own laundry and he is not a man you can understand in one visit. Hassan does not like big corporations, monopolies, utilities and some people down here consider that he carries this dislike to real extremes. For example, it was only recently that he let them wire his house for gas and electricity. For years when the subject was mentioned Hassan would roar, "No moneys to them corporations!" When he allowed the corporations to come into his shack and the other miners found out about it, it was very embarrassing to Hassan. He still blushes when the subject is mentioned. He blushes right up to those tufted gray eyebrows.

IN THESE valleys the veteran has come back to the mines too. And the word the vets use to describe how they feel is "restless." David Powell, of California, Pa., works in a mine along the Monongahela. They drop the coal into barges here and float it downstream to Pittsburgh. Powell wears a bitter kind of war scar in his walk and in his face. He was a machinegunner with the 22nd Regiment of the 4th Division, one of the great American fighting outfits of the war. He landed on D-Day on Utah Beach and eight days later a mortar shell tore him up along his right side—arm, leg, ribs. They took three inches out of his elbow, among other surgical feats performed on his body, and they kept him hospitalized for eighteen months.

Powell came back to his wife and two kids more than a year ago. His wife, Mildred, is a former schoolteacher, an attractive, literate woman. David Powell is "restless." The fifty-four-hour week in the mine is not an easy chore for him because his right hand is still learning to make a hard grip. He works on the tipple overhanging the river, maneuvering the levers that control the barges down below, moving them into place for the coal drop. His grip is getting stronger but not quickly enough for him. He is depressed very often. He lives in an anxious, insecure postwar time and he feels his disability bitterly.

"Sometimes I just crawl to work in the morning, it's just three blocks down to the river, but I can just about crawl there. . . . Foreman comes around and says 'how long you been back, Dave?' 'Over a year,' I tell him. I'm a vet so I've got to get at least the year according to law. What did he mean, asking me how long I've been back? I don't know what he meant."

"I'll go back to teaching school," says his wife cheerfully.

"No you won't," says Powell.

He holds his red-headed baby in his arms and they crow at each other. Night is coming down over California, Pa., over the small, isolated, smoldering mine towns of Pennsylvania, over all the living crowded into small tight spaces. On Saturday nights, and other times now that he isn't working, David Powell winds up with other vets at his Legion Post hall. There is a terrible inevitability to it, the way they come in here, the way it makes a period to the week in small towns all over America — the Legion hall. In the California Legion Hall Powell drinks beer and gets civilian gripes off his chest. The sign over the bar says "1947 dues are payable now." Men sit around playing cards. There is a quality of oppressive meditation, of

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thoughts growing like toadstools in dark, damp places.

"Hell, I go down there when I'm not working. The beer's good," says Powell irritably. "Where else am I going to go?"

The red-headed baby crows, Mrs. Powell looks on thoughtfully, and at last a smile breaks on Powell's face, a grim little smile.

THIS is how people looked in the coal valleys south of Pittsburgh, Thanksgiving week. The news of Lewis and Washington and Judge Goldsborough's courtroom broke with less comment in the coal towns than in New York or Chicago. The stores reported a slackening in buying. In California's A&P one morning, Mrs. Powell said "the cash register kept ringing up $1.26 one time after the next. The women were buying just three extras — soap powder, Crisco and oleo."

"Maybe there'll be no Christmas this year," said one woman at a miner's Thanksgiving dinner, "maybe no toys, no presents, but there's going to be a tree for these kids of mine if I have to go out and chop it off company property myself."

Thanksgiving Day in the mining towns: the family clans gather. The patient wives make big dinners (chicken was good enough for many this year). Grandchildren, in-laws, babes in arms, arrive in bumpy, wheezing old cars. Old grandfather miners in blue serge suits and white shirts find the best chairs.

In one house in Washington, Pa., it is roast chicken. The grandfather is a sturdy sixty-seven-year-old miner who no longer works; his eyes are almost gone. "Glaucoma," he says importantly. His voice takes on a proud, positive quality. "Nothing the doctors can do. Nothing. It's no cataract. Worst than that. Much worst."

"We can't do anything with him," says his son-in-law grimly. "There's a big doctor in Pittsburgh ready to operate, but he won't let him. Says he's afraid of the operation. But I think he likes it this way."

An old man, a sturdy old man nearly blind, with a glittering disease bright as the gold he never owned—glaucoma. He came from Turin, from industrial Italy, young and strong and an enemy of the Vatican. He rolls the great strikes in coal on his tongue—he has been in all of them since 1905. He raised his kids in a barracks built by the union in 1927 after the owners threw the miners out of the company houses. And he and his wife still live in the Renton barracks.

1927. "Sacco and Vanzetti. Police block off the square. . . . I go through with my lunchpail very respectable and all the while they're looking for me."

"They came to the house," says his daughter Rose, "and they asked for him but I said he wasn't home. Lucky for Pop that day. . . . Yes, I remember Sacco and Vanzetti too. The police threw tear gas into a tent we kids were playing in."

The chicken fragrant with garlic, the salad, the cranberry sauce have all disappeared. Now there is coffee and lemon pie. The grandmother moves efficiently from kitchen to parlor and she listens to the men, but she doesn't say much. In an old, traditional habit, the orbit of the men becomes the parlor and events, the orbit of the women the kitchen and the cooking. But there is an occasional flash by one of the women, a kind of weighing of status by remembering the past.

The daughter, Marya, says, "I nearly went to high school, but the depression came in. I'd have had to go to New Kensington. That meant carfare and lunch money, so I didn't go."

The old man said, "Gay Marie!" His blonde little granddaughter came up to him. "Get me my cigars . . . you know where?"

She came back with his Italian stogies and he smoked after his big dinner, talking about American wines which he said were no good, about the Pope (also no good) and about

WHAT NEXT?

An Editorial

JOHN L. LEWIS arbitrarily called off the miners' strike; President Truman jubilantly called off his radio speech; but big business has not called off its dogs. Let nobody be taken in by the hosannas in the press. The moneyed Napoleons did not swerve one inch from their pre-arranged plans to swing the axe against labor legislation, to bowdlerize the Wagner Act, and hence to undermine the entire democratic structure of our nation. The cessation of the strike has not appeased big business, nor could it. On the contrary, the corporations heartened by the government's support, will move more arrogantly toward the kill. And once again John L. Lewis has demonstrated his utter irresponsibility toward the miners and to all of labor.

The end of the strike came as many regiments of labor moved toward unity to aid the miners—and themselves. The historically significant move of the Detroit AFL for a day's general strike, in conjunction with the CIO, threw a chill into the employers. Philip Murray's statesmanlike proposal to the AFL and Railroad Brotherhoods for joint action on behalf of the miners and for the legislative and economic interests of the entire labor movement is a giant stride forward. Everywhere throughout America those who toil quickened to the common danger, and prepared to take the necessary steps. A public opinion poll last week showed that many outside of labor's ranks felt deep sympathy for the miners' claims.

What next? It appears to us that Lewis' action must not be permitted to deter the various components of labor from their trend toward unified action. Today, more than ever, must Mr. Murray's proposals receive full and prompt consideration. Minus joint strategy, labor moves against its oppressors under unnecessary handicaps. Too long have unions operated in piecemeal fashion, using a divided, one-at-a-time, horse-and-buggy strategy against a powerful, streamlined, coordinated opposition.

Undoubtedly the NAM propaganda made a considerable dent on the middle class. The issue of Lewis was used to becloud the real ones. The truth must be brought to all, and we urge our readers to take full initiative as we proposed last week, by means of community-wide actions exposing the Truman administration's pro-monopoly surrender. The middle class must recognize that big business is on an offensive against *all* the people, and that to the degree it succeeds in hamstringing labor, the professionals and white-collar groups suffer. Involved is the question of high prices, inflation, the boom-and-bust menace. Involved is liberty itself. No one will be spared if that democratic stanchion of our society—organized labor—is undermined.

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organized labor (very good, very important).

The clan was gathered. The big glittering radio stood in a corner, a high and mighty product of this age, and the old man proudly going blind, another product of the age, puffed at a cigar as he rested on the sofa. From the house next door came chorusing voices on a record singing holiday songs including "America the Beautiful."

The daughter, Marya, brought over a flat slice of coal and said "he brought that home to us when we were kids."

It was coal with the ten-million-year-old fern shape imprinted on it, and the old man said, "What's that? What you talking about?" He took the piece of coal and brought it close to his eyes and touched the surface.

"Yes. I brought it up for them," he said.

It was late and everybody went to bed. The way night comes down in this country—night folds these towns to sleep under the shoulder of the slag hills glowing in sulphurous rainbows. Beautiful, yes, but what else is beautiful? OK, the kids, sure. But the pursuit of life, of the smallest grace in life, is incidental to production. In this raw trench of southwest Pennsylvania, iron, coal, fire dominate the landscape, and men are reduced to carriers and heavers—nothing more. The women grow shapeless too quickly, the men grow old too quickly, the kids have to grow up too quickly. The living calendar turns to winter just too fast and too often.

But the "substantive case" in the mine controversy, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, is only the matter of a "unilateral" breaking of a contract.

Powell, the veteran, fermenting in the Legion hall; Culp, the Negro miner, girding himself for the mighty feat of sending a son through college; an old Italian-American hugging his precious disease; the women trying to stab out of the life of kitchens—all this is nothing.

And over this life smoldering behind the slag hills flies the American flag. In these valleys they have hung the American flag as a flag of punishment, mocking the miner's life behind stars and stripes.

SIDEWALK CLASSROOM

St. Paul, Minn.

By MERIDEL LE SUEUR

Go out to any of the seventy-seven struck schools and you will find the walks bright with the blaze of lumberjack shirts and blue flash of jeans. Marching three to one with the picketing teachers are the students.

"Our product is marching with us," a teacher says. "We're mighty proud of that. Those kids know what we're fighting for."

They gave it a holiday air, yelling back and forth, flapping their mittened hands in the near-zero cold, wheeling smartly in the turns; and in some picket lines you see the Navy jackets and ragtag of Army clothes and discharge buttons on lapels. Alumni have come back to support the teachers.

"Who would have thought it," a kid says to me, "Our teachers. Golly!" Some teachers found little hand-lettered placards. One of these said, "Hubba hubba ding ding, my teacher's got everything." Another said, "I like my teachers."

For the first time teachers were on the picket line, bundled against the zero cold. Non-union teachers picketed with union members. They look as if this had been brewing for years, in the dark.

I remember during the depression how tough it was for teachers. I knew many of them. And some are not living now. I saw them go down alone in the awful sea of that social misery. I saw them subsisting in hall bedrooms, often with a mother, or children, or invalided husband or wife, too proud to struggle with the unemployed, with labor, with others. I go to see some of them now in the state sanitarium whose minds were broken by the juggernaut of social disaster. I remember when I was with the first organization of the WPA teachers and how we went to the head of the administration to ask if he would mind if we got together just a little bit, no harm meant, just a little educational organization, no hoofs, no horns. He said in that case we might, but he didn't see the use in it.

It seems as though the whole city is proud of its teachers. The soda boy at the corner drugstore shakes his head, "Imagine that! Teachers! Holy mackerel. I'm an old grad of the school and think I'll take a turn on the picket line just to show, you know—well, you feel like it. Fought for things, you know in this war—and to see those teachers get up on their hind legs—well, gee, it's worth looking at."

"They shoulda done it a long time ago," the sandwich girl says. "Yes sir, the way those teachers work a seventy-hour week."

An elderly woman trying to buy soap says, "You tell those teachers we are all for them. Every summer having to go out and get a job waiting on table—what a shame for our state! Why I remember when our teachers set up schools right in the wilderness, right in the teeth of ignorance they did and now look at us. We can't afford to give our teachers a bare wage or security. Shame!"

A chivalric gentleman tips his hat and says, "I never hoped to see the day, I wish you ladies luck. I hope you get what you want."

Parent-Teacher Associations support the strike. Their resolution declared they "heartily approve and indorse the teachers' strike policy as being thoroughly justified and required by the present deplorable circumstances." PTA members serve hot coffee and doughnuts.

Nobody can stand the cold of the line more than half an hour and housewives have put signs on their doors—"Welcome Teacher"—and the teachers go in for hot coffee and heartening talk.

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A Negro preacher appeared on the picket line. In one place mothers set up a supporting picket line with the teachers. Girls lock arms with them and marched up and down, sometimes singing.

YES, the teachers have become beloved champions of the community. They have taken their rightful place at last. I will never forget how the community responded with such delight and spoke so warmly of them. I recognized with horror that it had been a long time since I had heard a teacher spoken of with respect. I had myself spoken of them with a kind of contempt and bitterness. I thought how one becomes corrupted under capitalism and accepts its corrosion without protest. It becomes part of one's life. I felt an awful guilt—perhaps the whole community did—that we had not drawn them in, known them better, realized their fine hidden strength, now amazing us all.

As Mr. McDonough, chairman of the picket committee, said, "Even if it should be that we do not win a thing, the unity that we have achieved here is priceless for the future."

A truck driver slows down outside one school. He leans out of his cab giving a wolf whistle to the picket line — of unconditional admiration. He locks his two paws together and shakes them violently in the air. The pickets wave back. He drives on, giving a long jubilant honk.

A labor leader told the teachers that they paid too much for their white collars—if they could still get them. He said either stand up and fight or put on overalls and come down in the working class. He pointed out that apprentice welders get more than teachers, who have spent ten years to prepare themselves. "We fought for it," he said. "You are going up against US Steel," he said, "just like the CIO when it was first organized went up against the big gates of steel."

You can see by this strike what leaders the teachers can become, how courageous, what stubborn bargainers, what good organizers.

SEEING all the teachers gathered at a packed mass rally you get a lump in your throat and you feel between tears and anger that all this great energy, all this courage and determination that has got them through school and sent them to summer school year after year to "keep their standards up," has, like all other energies in our civilization, been corrupted, used as a commodity, subtly destroyed under the masks and legal guises of "free enterprise."

A teacher I know gives me a swift hug. "I don't know, I never felt like this," she says. "Look, they are all here. At last—at last!" It is orderly, planned, organized. Reports are made from the committees. The City Council is passing the buck, obviously. A charge is made that the city administration has been using funds intended for the schools. It is reported that the strike of 1,169 teachers, one of the largest strikes of this kind, is remarkably solid. Michael J. McDonough, a gray-haired, tall, broad-shouldered social studies teacher, chairman of the picket committee, glows. "Let me know of another strike where there has been such solidarity and I'll send it along to Ripley. If we stick together we are invincible."

I look around at the faces, some of which I know, and they are all lifted, smiling. Mary McGough, member of

"Winter," oil by Gregorio Prestopino. ACA gallery.

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the joint council, a veteran school teacher and principal of Jefferson School, is given a rising ovation by the meeting, as the spearhead of the strike. She modestly denies it. I had heard her on the radio the day before and had felt proud at the full, strong way she faced every issue, beat around no bushes, drew everything into the light. And Mollie Geary, another leader, who had to be restrained from going on every picket line and never sleeping, a great householder taking care of everything. "Public opinion is behind us," she had said, "we will hold out to the end."

Again I thought of the tremendous, pure, powerful energy of these teachers. The great American women teachers, especially, had poured their lives into the making of our nation, carrying culture into the farthest frontier, carrying the book, the "better life," even the Saturday night bath into the wilderness. Dogged against all odds, they had always set up their schools come hell or high water, and now belatedly, but surely, they were again becoming leaders, allying themselves with the fight of the people everywhere.

Mary McGough is speaking. "It is Miss Letisha, head of the negotiation committee, who should be praised," she says. "Many people thought that we would not have the intestinal fortitude to go out on strike—that, to make it clear, we did not have the 'guts' to strike—but here we are. There are those that are asking how long we are going to be on strike. The answer is: Until we win!"

Don't think these teachers have only a sense of themselves. They demand not only an increased wage, but repair of ancient schools. They ask for adequate equipment, much of which they have had to furnish themselves. Don't think they have no sense of history and of belonging, or of allying themselves with labor, and farmers. Miss McGough says, "Our strike is good for us. It is good for the nation. It is a strike for better education for the children. And the increases that have lately been given to teachers in remote sections of the state are due in part to the blows we are striking for better standards." Tremendous applause.

Mr. McDonough bids them repeat in chorus: "United we are invincible." The response was firm, each word clear and plain, like a chorus that had come a long way to say this together.

The meeting closes with everybody singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"Van's my man for '48, but 'Taft is Tough' has a definite ring."

DESTRUCTION can be rapid and silent. How can a state like Minnesota, in a few years of Republican administration, so deteriorate? Settled by German radicals, Norwegian and Scandinavian labor, Irish refugees, middle European liberals and revolutionists, seeking free lands and education, it has dropped to eighteenth in the country for attendance and, believe it or not, to forty-seventh in rural education—next only to Georgia!

This more than anything eloquently warns us what it means to become a virtual colony of Wall Street, serfs to capital. It is not accidental that Harold Stassen, whose regime the present governor stooges for, is the fair-haired boy of Eastern interests. Minnesota deeply reflects this concentration of monopoly, and the school system, like everything else, suffers.

It is simple. Unless curtailed by the united power of the people, monopoly will, like a berserk hog, devour everything in sight. This may seem incredible but it is what is happening.

Six hundred thousand teachers have left the teaching profession. But it is better to fight. A peoples' conference here is being planned at which the people will write their own city charter, make it legal their own way, and not according to the bank corporation or the Property Owners Association; they would levy money for education where it should be levied—not by sales but by luxury taxes. The iron ore tax alone, properly and justly collected as the Farmer Labor regime had begun to do, could support education in this state.

It is reported the governor is nervous, fearing that this strike will spread. *Rural schools only second to the schools of Georgia!* To compensate for the iron ore tax, he has had to take it out on the people, out of the road appropriation, out of health budgets — we have also fallen to the level of the Southern states in public health. All free bus service has been discontinued. The farmer himself must pay for that service.

As I write the Minneapolis teachers are approaching the deadline for their strike after negotiations of several weeks have failed. Yes, this can spread. Every teacher in the country watches this strike, waits, takes courage.

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MONOPOLY GAGS FM

The broadcasting tycoons team up with the FCC in an effort to strangle a superior radio technique. How labor and progressives can tune in democracy.

By EUGENE KONECKY

Mr. Konecky, managing editor of "Fraternal Outlook," is the author of "Monopoly Steals FM From the People."

IN THE two decades between 1922 and 1942 the values of frequency modulation as a broadcasting system were debated by radio engineers and experts in electronics and radio wave propagation. Even radio listeners who know little or nothing about broadcasting methods or receiver circuits, but who had heard FM programs, took a hand. Today there is almost unanimity in the broadcasting world that frequency modulation as a method of sending and receiving radio programs is superior to the standard system known as amplitude modulation, or AM. It is not only such FM champions as C. M. Jansky, Jr., radio engineer and broadcasting executive, who believe that FM is a "revolution which is going to . . . change the art" of broadcasting. Even the high officials of AM broadcasting have been compelled by the superior qualities of FM to put themselves on public record to the effect that it will eventually supplant AM. Paul A. Walker, vice-chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, summed up these views one year ago when he said: "FM is on the verge of an expansion so great that it may soon rival or even surpass our present system of broadcasting."

FM involves some of the strangest paradoxes known to modern industry. Consider these facts:

Broadcasting monopolists who have grabbed control of FM are trying to strangle it to death even while they are pouring millions of dollars into FM transmission sites, buildings, equipment and promotion.

The Federal Communications Commission is today *expanding* the AM system which it declared was overcrowded two years ago.

The FCC, which has declared that FM will inevitably replace AM broadcasting, is now diverting applicants into AM and away from FM.

In many sections of the country promotion campaigns are being conducted to make the listening public FM-minded, and yet radio manufacturers are sabotaging the production of FM-tuned sets.

A clear understanding of FM is needed because democracy in radio is at stake; because the existing and growing confusion is responsible for keeping labor, veterans, schools and small businessmen from breaking through the monopoly-created barriers to FM.

There are some people who believe with Major Edwin H. Armstrong, inventor of FM broadcasting and one of the foremost radio scientists of this era, that FM is inevitable merely because it is a superior broadcasting method. This idea is naive. It is just as naive as the idea that labor's entry into FM is inevitable. Labor can lose its second chance and FM itself can still be wiped out. Both dangers exist. The monopoly capitalists understand this well enough. They have been able to create conditions which have brought FM to a temporary dead-end. They also know if they succeed in postponing it long enough, the dead-end will mean a dead FM for years to come. Major Armstrong himself more than ten years ago foresaw and publicly warned that "vested interests" might retard the development of FM.

THERE are several major aspects in the struggle for FM which should be kept in the foreground of our thinking:

1. The monopoly interests already control the FM system.
2. Despite their attainment of control over FM, the monopolists, due to profound differences between AM and FM broadcasting, are out to destroy FM entirely.
3. If the monopolists cannot destroy FM outright, they intend to restrict it—and in this respect they have al-

THIS IS FM

1. FM is staticless radio and represents the greatest qualitative improvement in broadcasting in the last half-century.
2. FM broadcasting eliminates station-to-station interferences; it eliminates distortions frequently heard in AM broadcasting; it reproduces the entire range of voice and musical sound which AM does not do; and it possesses dynamic range or sound contrasts far richer than AM.
3. In transmission or broadcasting FM is more economical than AM, thus favoring the ownership of stations by small business, labor unions and community groups.
4. FM broadcasting technically and economically is capable of sustaining a broadcasting system containing double or triple the number of stations as compared with the AM system.
5. The development of FM broadcasting would make possible great improvement of radio programs because of the larger number of stations and the entry of new talent in all phases of programming.

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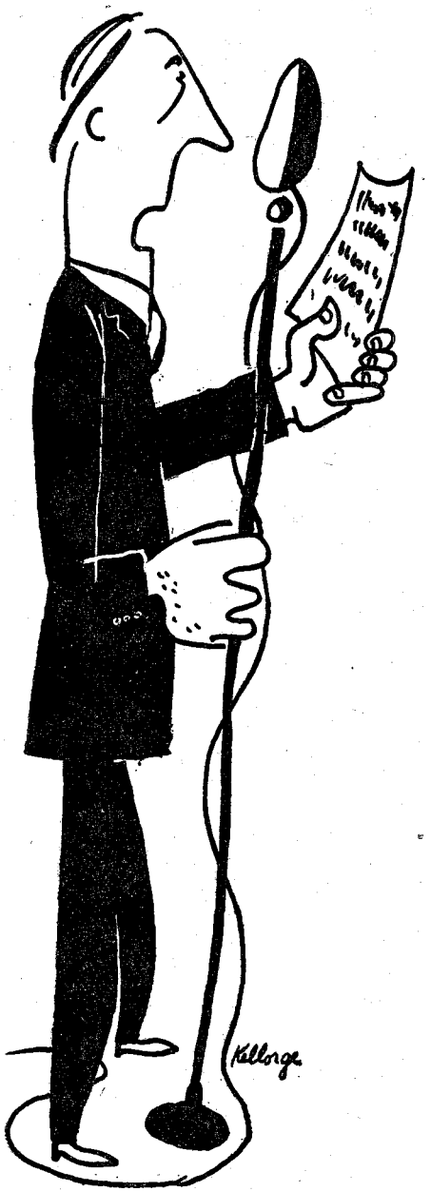
ready accomplished much. At the same time, they play up other new methods of broadcasting to strengthen the case for scrapping FM.

4. On the basis of a twenty percent reservation of existing FM channels for the next year, and considering some related factors, labor, veterans and small business must obtain their FM licenses in the next twelve months to avoid being frozen out of the FM system.

5. Special consideration must be given by those fighting for democracy in radio to the inclusion of the rural areas in FM broadcasting.

Corporation engineers and radio manufacturers, in striving to limit FM, have succeeded in excluding farm listeners from the benefits of FM broadcasting services in all but a few areas. Also, for a period of two to three years, no FM-tuned sets in the price range between $8.80 and $35 will be placed on the market, although the overwhelming number of consumers in the radio receiver market are in the $8.80 to $35 groups. This means no FM for low-income farmers and workers. Since farmers and workers comprise the bulk of the radio audiences, it means that FM stations cannot depend upon the sale of time to advertisers. Under such a set-up, FM stations owned by small businessmen, veterans or labor unions cannot provide the services required of them unless they have funds sufficient to tide over a three-year period—at least $200,000.



"You have just heard the President. The opinions expressed are those of the speaker, and do not necessarily reflect the views of this country."

It would be wrong to jump from these negative facts to the conclusion that the situation is hopeless. First and foremost, it is essential that the widest educational campaign be initiated among trade unionists, veterans, professionals, farmers, and small businessmen on the nature of FM. In this connection, the words of FCC Commissioner Durr are pertinent. He said: "The problems of broadcasting are the problems of democracy itself . . . and its greatest dangers are apathy and lack of understanding." Three text books for such a campaign have recently been made available. They are: *PAC Radio Handbook*, Jerome H. Spingarn's *Radio Is Yours*, and *Monopoly Steals FM From the People*.

Consider the problem of getting FM-tuned sets into millions of homes. On October 8, it was reported that a survey by *The American Magazine* revealed that two out of every five prospective purchasers "want frequency modulation (FM) in sets they plan to buy in the coming year." But radio manufacturers don't want to turn out FM sets for the buying public and are not producing for a ready market. The Census Bureau reported that in May 1946, a record-breaking month for the production of radio sets, *no FM-tuned sets*, or converters, were made. The reports of the Radio Manufacturers' Association and the Civilian Production Administration showed some improvement in FM production in July 1946. But they also registered the fact that in August 1946, when a 30 percent increase over the previous month took place in radio set production, *production of FM-tuned sets decreased 30 percent!*

In numerical terms, out of 3,000,000 radio sets produced in July and August 1946, only 65,000 were FM-tuned. The October 1946 issue of *Electronic Industries* reports that the total production of FM combination receivers this year will be only 300,000 sets. This means that by the end of 1946 there will be less than 1,000,000 FM-tuned sets as compared to 60,000,000 AM sets without FM-

PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON FM

THE program pursued by the Federal Communications Commission works toward handing FM to the monopolists. The FCC deliberately expanded the AM system, causing important blocks in the path of FM development. Here are the figures:

	1945 June 30	1946 Sept. 25
AM stations operating	931	1005
AM stations under construction	24	330
TOTAL	955	1335
AM increase		39.75%

The preponderant status and ultimate growth of AM over FM on the basis of the latest FCC data is shown in these figures:

	1946 AM	1946 FM
Stations either operating or approved	1335	579
Applications for new stations pending	827	328
TOTALS	2162	907
Ratio of total in percentages	70.45%	29.55%

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tuning. Even 1947 production plans schedule only 30 percent FM-tuned sets, which further demonstrates manufacturers' reluctance to go into full FM production. The delays in the development of FM broadcasting and the manufacturers' failure to produce FM sets are meant to curb public interest and to promote apathy. For this reason it is also possible that manufacturers of FM transmitters may curtail production.

LABOR unions are in a strategic position to help solve the problem of obtaining FM-tuned sets. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has announced it has a fund of $1,000,000 available to buy such sets. The United Auto Workers-CIO is also surveying the supply of FM-tuned sets. AFL and CIO unions, consumer organizations, the Peoples Radio Foundation of New York and other groups can combine their energies in solving this problem. There is also the possibility of developing a low-price FM converter as a temporary solution. Successful action along these lines will induce radio manufacturers to turn out FM-tuned sets at moderate prices in large quantities.

A substantial break-through on the FM-set production front will help to solve the problems of financing FM stations, since the existence of a considerable audience will increase station income through the sale of commercial time to advertisers. But even if this should not happen for some time, a plan has been evolved to make it possible for stations to operate for two or three years on a minimum income from commercial time sales. This plan is the community-group FM station. Such stations are set up and owned by organizations which unite their efforts in a given community. Already there are such community groups in New York, Hollywood and Washington, D. C.

In New York City the community group is the Peoples Radio Foundation and combines labor unions, fraternal organizations, veterans, clubs, progressive organizations and individuals. This group is incorporated, sells stocks to organizations and individuals, and is democratically managed. It is possible for such a group, through the sale of stock and other fund-raising activities, to establish financial reserves to bridge the three-year span.

Even the tough nut of rural FM can be cracked. The solution of this problem requires the combination of political pressure and technical alterations in the FM system. There are three reasons why, under the present set-up, there will be no FM for rural areas except in regions such as New England where portions of the rural population lie within range of Class A and B FM stations. First, FM broadcasting is now restricted to the 88-108 megacycle band. Second, FM transmission power is generally limited to 20,000 watts. Third, the FM-hampering policies of the monopolists and the dovetailing policies of the FCC are designed to keep rural areas in the sphere of AM broadcasting.

Marantz.

FM broadcasting started in the 42-50 megacycle band. In that band the horizon range of an FM station is about 100 miles. In 1945, the FCC shifted FM into the 88-108 megacycle band, reducing the FM station's horizon range to about sixty miles. It was made certain, by limiting FM stations to 20,000 watts of power, that the sixty-mile range could not be increased. All this was done with the purpose of limiting FM so that it could not compete with AM broadcasting in the rural areas.

By restoring the 42-50 megacycle band to FM broadcasting and by permitting FM rural stations to utilize power of 50,000 to 100,000 wattage, these stations can cover thinly-populated areas on a wider scale, increase the number of listeners per station and make it possible to sell commercial time over these stations. The addition of the 42-50 megacycle FM band would allow at least another 500 FM stations to be allocated.

As an immediate remedial step, efforts must be made to investigate radio manufacturers' violations of anti-trust laws and regulations, and to investigate

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the FCC itself. A resolution calling for such an investigation has already been introduced in Congress by Senator Charles W. Tobey (R., N.H.).

THIS brings us to the main question: if FM is a superior system, and if the monopoly interests, with the blessings of the FCC, have already secured control of it, why are the monopolists and the FCC working to delay it further with the aim of eventually destroying it?

The answer is provided in the following considerations:

1. The monopoly interests never accepted FM. They were forced into FM because, after fighting it for more than twenty years, they had no other alternative than to safeguard their AM investments when V-J Day placed FM on the radio agenda. They head the FM parade to behead it more certainly.

2. Complex inner contradictions exist in the field of communications. Cliques of monopoly capital are scrambling madly for complete or partial control over AM, FM, television, facsimile, films, press. Intra-investment in these media by opposing factions are so ramifying that confusion results. This confusion itself is used to conceal the meaning of decisions and policies in FM. Strong monopoly factions which are anti-FM hide their destructive aims under this haze of confusion.

3. FM today still retains several anti-monopoly features which were instituted during the Roosevelt administration. These include: (a) the duopoly rule which prohibits ownership of more than one radio station by an individual or group in the same primary service area; (b) restriction of ownership of FM stations on a national scale by an individual or group to not more than six stations.

4. Despite the fact that today anti-FM groups, by technical and economic means, have succeeded in limiting FM to the possible total of one to two thousand stations within five years (if FM is not meanwhile sidetracked altogether), monopoly engineers and managements know that FM is capable of expansion to 5,000 or more stations—and if this should happen it would help curb monopoly control.

5. Finally, the monopoly capitalists are fearful of the democratic trend in radio which is finding expression through interest in FM by labor unions, veterans, small business, schools and community groups. That is why monopoly wants to kill FM — and now.

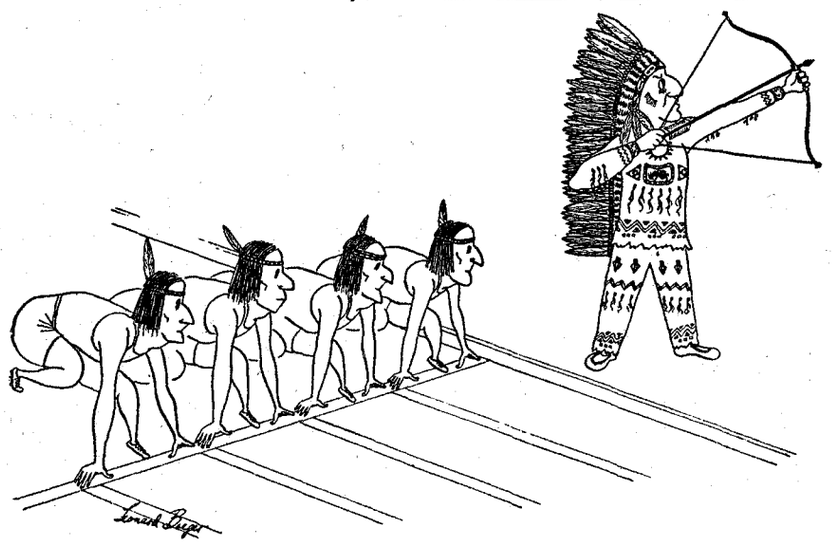
FM IS FOR YOU . . .
IF YOU ARE FOR FM

Tell your radio retailer that you want to buy FM radios.

Write to Attorney General Tom Clark, Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., to act on the suggestion of Senator Glen Taylor of Idaho to investigate the conspiracy of radio manufacturers against FM.

Write to Senator Taylor and encourage him to push the fight for fair play as regards FM, as suggested by the Senate Small Business Committee.

Get your organization interested.



portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

This week's "loyalty" test to ferret out "subversive" Federal employes:

1. Have you ever voted for a candidate accused by the Hearst papers of being a Red?

2. Have you occasionally hoped for a return to the principles of FDR?

3. Were you pleased when the Red Army beat the Nazis at Stalingrad?

4. Do you observe Lincoln's birthday?

5. Are you left-handed?

●

Ernie Bevin didn't understand either the football game he attended or why he was booed. He's convinced that both events weren't cricket.

●

The British are going to supply more arms to Greece. What they should have done is helped supply the right head.

●

Two more German generals have been sentenced to death in Italy. It's all part of an excellent plan to deny the Germans a standing army.

●

Elliot Roosevelt will be summoned before the Rankin Un-American Committee. The incorrigible radical made the mistake of visiting the Soviet Union instead of writing a book first.

●

The US is opposed to economic and political sanctions against Franco. The State Department would prefer to be anti-Franco in a neutral sort of way.

●

Karl Brandt, former physician to top Nazis, wants his trial over in a hurry. It seems the first Nuremburg affair exhausted all his patients.

●

One good New Dealer in the President's Cabinet would now be worth his weight in coal.

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BUDENZ IS A LIAR

"Who am I? An international agent? A spy? A man who wants to boss all the Reds in this country?" A reply to the Rankinmen.

By GERHART EISLER

The following is the abridged text of a speech made by Mr. Eisler at a meeting organized by the "German American" to reply to the charges made against him by the Rankin committee, the Hearst Press and Louis Budenz.

DURING my long wanderings as a German anti-fascist refugee I have found that the attitude toward genuine anti-fascist refugees is a kind of barometer registering the political atmosphere of a country. Whenever the party line of the rulers of a particular country changes toward reaction and warmongering, whenever more reactionary and fascist-minded groups fight for greater influence and power and for the political atomization of the working class and of all progressive forces, we anti-fascist exiles have always had to go through a lot of trouble. All too often our existence was used to mask the true intentions of reaction, and to divert the attention of the people from their real problems.

I do not think Rankin knows more about Marxism, Marxists, and about me than what he has learned through his own ignorance and intolerance, through provocateurs, police records and other such "scientific documents." However, all this has been enough to prevent my return home to Germany.

At this minute I could be in Berlin or Leipzig or in some other German city or village. If I were there I would have applied for membership in the Socialist Unity Party, the great hope of the German workers and German democracy, so bitterly fought by the official policy of the Western powers and by their German stooges. I would be writing, teaching or doing whatever work was asked of me.

There really was no need for any noise or sensationalism about me. I did not raise prices, and I did not lower wages. No American would have been harmed by my departure. On the contrary. Every German anti-fascist is needed in Germany to fight for a peaceful, anti-fascist, democratic Germany; a Germany that never again will bring reaction, war, invasion, mass murder to other people.

If I had been permitted to leave the country, provocateurs of American and foreign origin would not have made money selling lies and mystery stories about me to the Hearst press, to *Life* and other publications in the service of public "enlightenment." Louis Budenz, who has apparently found only one hero in the Bible, namely Judas Iscariot, would not have been able to sell articles about other people to the Hearst press. The Un-American Activities Committee would have had to find new victims for its activities. I do not think I am absolutely indispensable to the new American national postwar sport of Red-baiting. In all modesty, I say, you could do it without me. Aren't there more astronomers, writers, actors who have not yet been investigated? After all, the United States has 140,000,000 people, a tremendous reservoir for investigations.

IF ANYONE thought I was ready to play the role of hare to the reactionary hounds, he was mistaken. The history of any people, and especially the history of the German people, teaches too clearly a basic lesson: never become intimidated by reaction; never become frightened; always be ready for some provocateur, some stoolpigeon to start his dirty business. But always hit back. That goes for nations, classes, and for every individual; that goes for trade unions, progressive organizations and progressive parties. And that goes also for racial and religious minorities.

Let me at this point remind you that the Nazi dictatorship was the most developed committee against so-called "Un-German Activities." It murdered and persecuted millions of decent Germans and people of all lands who were not ready to think and to act according to the Nazi standard of what was "Un-German." Can you not already hear those in this country who would like to punish every people in the world who do not live up to the standards or the ideas of your Un-American Activities Committee?

Let certain spokesmen of the Catholic minority in this country, always in danger of attack by intolerant and malicious men of the Ku Klux Klan mentality, be very careful when they attack other political minorities. One day the Catholics may be faced with slanderous accusations by types like Budenz—slanders to the effect that every American Catholic is an agent of a foreign power, the Vatican, trying to change American democracy into a Catholic Church State. I offer serious advice to certain sponsors of Budenz: Don't laugh too soon about the joke you played on the Communists through Budenz. Not only German Communists but also German Catholics were tortured and hanged by the Nazis because of the Judas work of people like Budenz.

As long as I am forced to stay in this country, as long as I can use my pen, and as long as I am not kept from speaking, I will hit back. I will use every opportunity to hit back, and I shall be very grateful for every opportunity given me. To be frank, I think the liberal and progressive forces in this country should give me more opportunity to hit back. And if by some frame-up I, a German anti-fascist, land in prison at a time when the anti-fascists in Germany and Europe—with the exception of Bevin-Greece, Franco-Spain and a few other countries—are liberated, I shall forget nothing and continue somewhat later.

I fight for the freedom of a political exile to return home. After all, the United States is not a Displaced Persons' camp. I fight against the slanderers who claim that a German anti-fascist has used his enforced stay in this country to harm the interests of the American people. I fight against the attempts to denounce as a kind of agent every decent American who happens to know me. I fight especially against the

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attempt to slander eminent German musicians, writers and artists and to denounce them as foreign spies because I know them and they know me. I want to mention in this connection especially the eminent composer, Hanns Eisler, my brother, against whom the most vicious campaign has been started by the Hearst press, because he likes and defends me as a brother and as an anti-fascist.

WHO am I? An international agent? A spy? A man who tries to overthrow the American government? A man who wants to boss all the Reds in this country? Of course not. I could say, with Mark Twain, that all this is very much exaggerated.

I never have been an agent in my life, and I have other worries than to trouble about overthrowing the American government. I never was in the service of any government, except as a young soldier in the First World War. I never in my life took a penny from any government—with one exception. I took $27.58 from the Un-American Activities Committee to cover the expenses for my trip to Washington, where it only had time to hear its beloved Budenz.

I never was a so-called agent of the former Communist International, dissolved in 1943, although I confess it had my sympathies. This stuff about Communist International agents was thought out in the brains of provocateurs and taken over by ignoramuses.

In my lifetime I have been in quite a few countries, either as a German Communist journalist before Hitler came to power, or as a political exile after Hitler came to power. But wherever I went all my activities were connected solely with the fight against German reaction and fascism and its international network, and with the mobilization of all possible help for the German underground struggle. I never went to a country to boss anyone but to ask for help, and sometimes even for advice in our terrible war against the Nazis which started long before 1939.

I did not come to this country to boss anyone. I came to this country as a German anti-fascist refugee on my way to Mexico, and because of the war, and by accident, I was forced by the American authorities, to stay here against my will, intentions and plans. On the basis of a presidential proclamation of Nov. 14, 1941, I was not allowed to proceed to Mexico, for which country I had an immigration visa.

This proclamation was directed against the attempts of American Bundists, German Nazis, Italian fascists to go to Latin-American countries during the war. Red tape did not make any distinction between German Nazis and German anti-Nazis. If this had not happened I would have gone to Mexico; I would have been back in Germany long ago and would not have to waste my time with Budenz and people like him. In this country I considered it my duty to do everything I could to help in the war effort of the US and her allies in the battle against German fascism and Japanese imperialism.

If I mention these activities it is by no means because I want to boast of what little I did. But I am forced to give an account of my activities. I gave blood to the blood bank, and I got a citation and a ribbon for faithful service as an air raid warden. As a journalist I used my pen for the cause of the Allies and for the unity of the Allies, and especially in the fight against the poisonous ideas and confusion spread

MY GRANDFATHER DARBY

By RALPH KNIGHT

Texas, 1925.

Suspended on the last tough strings of nature,
Give him a Holy Bible and a chair.
Give him to sit outside and take the air,
His limbs gone tight, his sieged frame nearly cracked,
His eyes reduced to inoffensive stare,
The faded overalls sufficient dress
To clothe his biblical unhappiness.
Hard work his entire being having sacked,
  Turn the old horse to pasture.

As still as wood and field, as pale, as sick,
He sits at the far edges of his days
And fixes on the earth an old man's gaze.
Nothing moves. Summer's tall zenith has made
Fly-pestered cattle stand and cease to graze.
The road lizard lies panting under stone.
The fields dry up in noiseless monotone.
His dream-like thought has sent him to the shade,
  Broken like a dry stick.

Contending with the Devil, Job set loose
The tiger of his mind on all the woes
That this sick world from top to bottom knows
And hunted out the metaphysic lies.
Grandfather Darby too wept under blows.
He saw the poor raped land go destitute
Even for neighbor farmers more astute;
He gave his sons to wars and factories
  For murderous misuse;

He gave his many daughters out to men
Who dragged them down in poverty; they fled
Down that arcane of sorrow until dead.
I wonder if like Job he asked his God
The questions of a tiger, or just said,
Stroking the Bible, ready rule of thumb,
"Better to sit here in the dry land dumb
And measure my huge weakness with Thy rod,
  Misunderstanding sin."

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by the Bundists and other American Nazi-lovers among certain sections of Americans of German descent. In this connection I shall confess that I also wrote against Miss Dorothy Thompson when she started her propaganda for a negotiated peace with Hitler Germany, the better to fight the Soviet Union.

I also gave to Communist journalists, for instance to my friend Joseph Starobin, foreign editor of the excellent newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, material and some of my ideas about German and European problems which he used in articles, signed with the pen name "Hans Berger," which Starobin invented. As a conscientious journalist and publicist my friend Starobin did not want to sign articles under his own name for which he had not done all the work himself. There are quite a few journalists who could learn from this professional honesty.

For the *German-American*, where I was a voluntary staff writer on invitation from the late Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, I wrote articles both signed and unsigned. I also wrote with two other German friends the book *The Lesson of Germany* —a book, by the way, not so widely read as *Forever Amber*, and which does not deal with the art of love-making, but rather with the murderous art of German reaction and Nazism.

I hope with all my heart that a similar book, *The Lesson of the United States*, need never be written.

During my stay in this country I learned to like the American people very much. I was and I am filled with great respect for the great late Franklin D. Roosevelt. I consider his untimely death a great loss for all mankind. I admired the heroism of the American soldiers and the gigantic work of the American workers, farmers and scientists during the war.

IF THERE is anything that the Budenzes have said that is not false it is their involuntary admission that I wrote for the pro-American, pro-Allied side of the war and that I was and that I am a firm believer in the necessity of the unity of the big powers. I honestly believe that this has something to do with this persecution. I wrote against the criminal philosophy that murdered millions of people—a philosophy, by the way, that motivates Mr. Rankin in his so-called investigations, and for which all my life I had nothing but contempt.

It is apparent to me that if my writings had been pro-Nazi, I would have been treated like a very decent man by the Hearst press and other publications and by the Rankin committee. If I had come out for a negotiated peace with Hitler Germany like Dorothy Thompson, and shed tears about the hanging of the war criminals with Senator Taft and Miss Thompson, I guess I would have been treated quite differently. Miss Thompson might even have invited me to one of her humanitarian gatherings, instead of expressing a desire to see me in jail.

If I saw a future for China in the murder of hundreds of thousands of Chinese peasants and workers, nobody would accuse me of un-American activities. If I would smear Tito, the Yugoslav and Albanian peoples, I would be considered a very respectable man. If I would love Franco, Monsignor Sheen would perhaps like me as much as he likes Budenz. And if I would do a little warmongering against the Soviet Union because it possesses the highest form of social organization, I would probably be permitted to reeducate German youth in the Western zone in what is cynically called the "true democratic spirit." And if in addition to all this I would come out for using Germany and the Germans as *Landsknechte*, as mercenaries for a new war against the Soviet Union; if I would be an agent for American trusts, cartels and bankers in their fraternization with big German business, I guess I would be back in Germany, and I would not have any troubles. You know, to like big trusts makes one trusted.

Well, I confess to Mr. Walter Winchell—who has appealed by radio to the Attorney General to put me in jail—all the Jergen's lotion in the world cannot wash away my sin of being a German Communist.

WHAT of my relations with the American Communists? Did I, the German anti-fascist refugee, give American Communists orders, and did they take them? No, I did not boss the American Communists. They would have thought me crazy if I had tried it.

I know everything is big in your country, apparently also the stupidity of your agent provocateurs and of certain people who believe them.

I respect the American Communists because of their fight against reaction and for peace and for unity in this fight. I wish only that the governments of the Western powers had been farsighted enough to follow the American Communists' example in helping the forces that fought Hitler. Thus a terrible war might have been avoided.

I saw American Communists and progressives fight in the ranks of the immortal International Brigades against

Senator Rankest Returns

"This textbook is full of Communist propaganda—listen to this —'The first white man to set foot on North America was Eric the Red'."

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Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. What until then I knew only from books I learned in life: namely, how courageous Americans can fight for a good cause. Among the American heroes fighting in Spain there were no Rankins.

As a German anti-fascist I am happy about the position of the American Communists in regard to German problems, a position of numerous other farsighted Americans. As a German anti-fascist who tries to follow developments in Germany as closely as possible I join those many Americans who criticize quite sharply the occupation policy of the Western powers. General McNarney, American military governor for Germany, has stated that the hate-Germany days are over. Excellent! But these days should not be replaced by years of loving German reaction.

WHAT made Budenz run? Ideas, ideals? No, definitely no. Budenz is nothing but an agent provocateur—or a *mouton,* as one says in French, a rat and a fink as one says in English, and an *Achtgroschenjunge,* as we say in German. I never talked with him, and I never gave him orders. The only thing he apparently knows about me is that I cooperated with Starobin and what he read in a little gutter sheet published during the war in this country by a European rattlesnake.

If Budenz had changed his political opinions, if he had become a convinced anti-Socialist, a convinced anti-Marxist, I would not loose one word against him. He would be none of my business. Let American Marxists trouble about their political adversaries. After all, you can change your political opinions and remain decent. Millions of people, among them hundreds of thousands of Catholics, have changed or are changing their opinions in Europe and in the whole world. They have become or are becoming Communists, or their allies and friends. To change one's opinion is one thing. But to spread lies and slander former political friends in order to open the doors for persecution is quite another story. That is the reason why the case of Budenz and his cooperators have nothing to do with truth, politics, religion or ideals. It belongs in a textbook on the different methods of provocation.

There is an old German fairy-tale. The good citizens of the town of Hamelin were terribly plagued by rats. So they hired the services of a man who promised to clean the town of all the rats. This man played the flute so abominably that all the rats liked it very much and followed him wherever he went. One day he led all the rats into a nearby river and drowned them.

The United States is not the small town of Hamelin. Apparently here the rats play the flute and behind them march such respectable and serious citizens as the members of the Un-American Activities Committee, Dorothy Thompson, Walter Winchell and the publishers of certain newspapers.

Since May 25, 1945, I have tried in vain to return to Germany. If you help me now to return I promise to go to Hamelin and to try to find this rat-catcher. If I find him I will try to persuade him to go to the United States. It seems to me he could be of very great use in this country. I shall advise him to establish his headquarters near to the Hearst press, the *World Telegram* and similar places.

For myself I have only one wish—to return home to share the misery of my people and to work in the ranks of those Germans who are trying to find a happy and decent life for the German people.

Rachel Kapustin.

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MARXISM AND FREEDOM

The Declaration of the Rights of Man proclaimed man's inherent liberty. Why has it been illusory?

By RENE MAUBLANC

Last week M. Maublanc discussed several conceptions of the meaning of freedom. He analyzed their psychological aspects as well as their historical background. Readers who wish to pursue the subject further will find ample reward in reading Frederick Engels' "Ludwig Feuerbach" and "Anti-Duhring," as well as Dr. Howard Selsam's "Socialism and Ethics."

I INDICATED in my first article that to pass from the kingdom of necessity to the kingdom of freedom it is imperative to reach a proper understanding of the laws of nature and society. As long as science has not reached a certain level there can be no real human freedom.

What is it that men until now have called social freedom? It is the fact that men have gradually progressed to the degree that their sciences and techniques have given them a certain power over nature. In the long past this power was not sufficient to give all men freedom from servitude to nature. The creation of the first tools, however, permitted man to win a little more room and independence in the world. But at that moment it was not the majority of men who were able to liberate themselves. It was simply a small minority among them; the others remained entirely subject to slavery. And that is the origin of class divisions. Only a few men were free, and their freedom was based upon the condition that the great mass of mankind worked for them.

Freedom at that moment was, therefore, a class privilege. It was necessary for the great majority of men, the slaves and later the serfs, to assume the harsh burden of immediately productive work for a small number of the privileged, who devoted their leisure to the development of the sciences, literature and the fine arts. This division into classes, and the Marxists were the first to see it in its fullest meaning, was the necessary condition for the advance of civilization and social progress. Civilization was able to move ahead because there was a class freed from servile work. And that class believed that it alone was worthy of enjoying freedom.

Is not what is at present called freedom very often a vestige of these ancient liberties, these privileges of the ruling classes? And is not this freedom based upon the inequality of men?

However, in the eighteenth century, another idea of freedom appeared, resting on the idea of equality, the idea of freedom contained in the Rights of Man. How is this to be explained? It is explained by the very development of civilization through the progress of science and technology. This progress permitted men to foresee the outlines of a society in which there would be no need of men working for others, in which production would be great enough to satisfy the needs of all men. This is another way of saying that all men would have access to that privileged freedom which up until then only certain of them will have possessed. More precisely, freedom appears as a need of a hitherto lower class which feels itself capable of directing public affairs and protests against the abused liberties usurped by the privileged class. Thus freedom was claimed by the bourgeois class against the freedom usurped by the nobility. But instead of considering the freedom it claimed the historical product of an epoch, and a stage in the development of humanity, the eighteenth century bourgeoisie gave it a universal character. In order to claim freedom for itself the bourgeoisie made freedom a quality inherent in human nature, a right from which all men ought to profit by the sole fact that they are men. And this is the idea that you find in the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

But the freedom thus affirmed has remained for the most part abstract and, therefore, illusory. Why? Because at that moment economic and social developments were not sufficient for all men to receive real freedom. Instead of equal rights for all men, what was achieved at the end of the eighteenth and nineteenth century was a greater extension of old privileges to new groups, or the establishment of new privileges for a new ruling class. In sum, one ruling class was replaced by another.

THUS the bourgeoisie proclaimed that all men equally possessed a certain number of freedoms, for example freedom of trade. In reality what was this freedom of trade? It was, in theory, the right of all men to trade freely upon an equal footing with all other men. But actually, it is not that. It is freedom for those who find they have sufficient money to trade and to continue trading; that is to say, freedom for those who possess certain privileges in the first place and use these privileges in order to maintain them.

The same is true of the right to property. What is the right to property according to the conception in the Rights of Man? It is the right of everybody to own something. But what in fact has this right become and who has achieved it? The right of property as it exists under our bourgeois legal system is the right of the owner to keep his property no matter how far-reaching or how abusive the right is, and to deny others all possibility of ownership. For, if one admits the real right to own, it means freedom for each individual not only to keep the fruits of his labor but to have the means of working without being exploited by others.

Does this mean that the idea of real social freedom is solely theoretical and must always remain on paper? Not at all. It can only be realized, however, through a growth in the material power of men. The more men succeed in producing to satisfy their needs, the more they succeed in producing by working less themselves and using natural forces to greater advantage. In other words, the more mechanization is substituted for human effort the more there is the possibility of liberation for all men. And this, as I have said, depends on an understanding of the social laws which complement an understanding of the laws of nature. For it serves no pur-

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Irving Amen.

pose to increase the production of wealth if disorganized production only gives rise to economic crises, social disorders and international wars, endured by men as unavoidable catastrophes which they do not know how to avoid.

It is certain, for example, that a man who works seven hours a day and amply earns his living that way can be considered more free than a man who is forced to work twelve hours to achieve the same results. And it is certain that if one can conceive a system in which no man works more than seven hours a day there will be an advance in freedom for all men. Thus a regime in which no one works more than seven hours a day increases the general freedom by extending it equally to all. But because the increase in freedom for everyone is represented by a decrease in freedom for those who up to now did nothing and who in the future will work seven hours a day, it is easily considered by the latter to be a scandalous attack upon their personal liberty.

That is why the liberty which the Marxists conceive is opposed to what a great number of people call liberalism. There is, indeed, a doctrine called liberalism which aims above all at conserving certain privileges founded upon class inequality. Hence this liberalism is opposed to genuine progress toward general freedom. And so it is that in the name of an unjust liberty we find at every turn protests against advances which, in reality, are in the direction of universal and just liberty. We have some rather timely examples. At this very moment, in several countries in Eastern Europe, the great landed properties are being divided among the poor peasants and the agricultural workers. That guarantees the right of each to possess the means of making a living for his family. It is a just extension of the right of all to property. But the landlords cry "persecution" and consider that their "right of property" is outrageously violated.

THERE are other difficulties and ambiguities in the conception of freedom. They arise from the concept that "freedom consists of the power to do anything that does not hurt others." But it is not always easy to take into account what injures and what does not injure others. It is much easier to think about one's own liberty than to think about the liberty of others. That is true not only when it is a question of a freedom like freedom of property or freedom of trade, but also when it is a question of other freedoms such as freedom of conscience. But in every case, the only legitimate freedom rests upon the equality of persons, while very often the freedoms we claim for ourselves presuppose privileges.

What does freedom of conscience mean? It means freedom for each to think as he wishes and to express what he thinks. But, in fact, freedom of conscience is usually invoked in a slightly different manner. Freedom of conscience is invoked in a general way by the followers of one religion or another; they mean freedom for themselves to hold certain beliefs and to propagandize publicly for these beliefs. Very well! But that ought to presuppose an equal freedom for non-believers. And that is much more difficult to get. If many believers were prevented from practicing their religion they could justly consider that an attack upon freedom of conscience. Yet these same people do not consider attacks on materialist beliefs as violations of freedom of conscience. In fact they consider the existence of materialist beliefs as contrary to freedom of conscience. They are incapable of respect-

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ing the opinions of others as they demand that others respect theirs. But this one-way freedom of conscience is improper and unacceptable.

WHEN will we achieve real freedom? It can only come about gradually; it cannot come immediately, or in one fell swoop. Real freedom will only come in a classless society. A society without classes is being created; it is already on the road to realization in certain parts of the world. It is being built little by little, in proportion to the progress of science, in proportion as the power of man over nature progresses. And only a classless society can permit a freedom really worthy of the name, that is to say, a freedom broad enough to include all humanity.

But this freedom among equals can not be achieved without certain victims. Some will see a lessening in what they call their freedom but which in reality is the freedom of privilege based upon inequality. There is no point in ignoring this. That is why when classes are abolished in capitalist countries certain people will see their privileges eliminated. This will not be "suppression of freedom" but an increase in the share of liberty of the great majority of people who have hitherto been deprived of it.

This, therefore, is the way Marxism approaches the theory of freedom. It is, to use a word in vogue, a dynamic approach. For Marxists freedom is not a fixed or metaphysical reality. Freedom is not an immutable quality inherent in human nature. Freedom was not won without struggle against those who were not at all eager to share it with others. We have come into that epoch of history where mankind can really be free because science is showing us how to overcome servitude to nature. Man is succeeding in transforming the world to his own use. And the Soviet Union is the example of man's attainment of freedom by his own creative effort. This freedom is not complete; it is ever-expanding. Its guiding philosophy, Marxism, shows the way not only for the Soviet Union but for the whole of humanity.

AGAIN—THE BOOK BURNERS

An Editorial by CHARLES HUMBOLDT

IN AN editorial entitled "Gorilla in the Library," published in NEW MASSES on Sept. 10, 1946, Joseph North wrote, "The dominant class in all capitalist and feudal society has conjured up 'morality' as a peg on which to hang political campaigns." He was referring to the Hearst "clean book" crusade, which he identified as a deliberate fascist tactic and preparatory step toward the silencing of free expression in the United States.

On Thursday, November 28, two judges of the Special Sessions Court of New York, affirming charges brought by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, held Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* to be obscene and fined its publisher, Doubleday & Co., $500 on each of two counts of publishing and selling the book. A third judge, Nathan D. Perlman, submitted a dissenting opinion in which he cited Judges Learned Hand's and John M. Woolsey's acquittal of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. From now on, until and unless the decision is reversed in a higher court, anyone found selling the book can be sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

I am not unaware of the irony of this action. Earlier this year, I reviewed Wilson's book [NM, May 7], saying that his provocateur's philosophy could only have the effect of dividing the intellectual from the working class and the progressive elements in society. I shall go further to say that *Hecate County* is an ugly and corrupt book which we would not lift a finger to see published. It echoes, in refined tones, the Red-baiting lies of the yellow press, just as it parallels, in its own elegant fashion, the scandal pages of Hearst's *American Weekly*. One might be tempted, therefore, to find it amusing that Mr. Wilson's friends do not recognize him, and that the apes of Hearst howl for the author to be put behind bars too. But to find it so would be to forget Mr. North's warning, to ignore the larger context within which the decision falls.

We have often seen how reaction wears the hypocritical disguises of piety and elaborate concern for the family and education to cover up its cynical disregard for all human feelings and values. Thus the Catholic hierarchy defends child labor by citing the sanctity of the home: the parent has a sacred right to turn his young sons and daughters into instruments of production. The most obscene press in the world, surviving brother of the defunct Streicher's *Der Stuermer*, becomes the defender of public virtue and taste, which is supposedly being undermined by Communists and liberals alike. (The *Journal-American* has recently entered the field of art, to engage in buffoonery against the work of leading American painters, represented in the State Department's cultural exchange show.) The sanctimonious Clare Luce, by an apt use of dots and dashes, accuses Marx and the Communists of advocating the destruction of the very family ties which Marx describes as being torn asunder by the action of modern industry. And the Legion of Decency justifies its attacks on anti-fascist films by pleading Christian forebearance toward one's enemies.

It is not hard to see where all this is leading—to the most elaborate array of bigot bell and book, fire and brimstone, cap and gown, hood and mitre, quill and nightstick, for the propagation of faith in capitalism and the establishment of human bondage as the will of God. As the crisis of capitalism grows more acute, and as people lose their belief in its everlastingness, as they come nearer to realizing it as the source of their suffering, the capitalists redouble their efforts to keep them in ignorance, turn them backward, pervert and vulgarize their standards and constrict their cultural outlook. Men must not only be made to think their interests lie where their oppression is planned; they must be persuaded to accept their oppression as a good. The honest writer, because he pursues reality and reveals, if only by implication, the decay of the existing social order, is willy-

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nilly an enemy of the ruling class, which develops a paranoic horror of social truth. That class can always find agents among prurient fanatics whose literary judgment is confined to parlor, bedroom and sink, and to whom it will throw the rank bone of a *Hecate County* to whet their appetites for the feast of a new literature of protest. Already a book worth fighting for, the first novel of a young author and member of Contemporary Writers—*Shadow over the Land*, by Charles Dwoskin—has been banned in Boston as offensive to a morality which finds burlesque quite acceptable as good clean fun.

It is obvious that what the dissenting Justice termed "the complex influences of sex and of class consciousness on man's relentless search for happiness" will enter into any serious picture of contemporary life. But realism and pornography have become synonymous to our native bookburners. And we cannot assume that their cultural terror will stop at the repression of individual books. It will also be exercised in the form of intimidation of publishers, who will hesitate to risk their money and reputation on a work which may offend the self-appointed guardians of mores and the existing order. Let these fake moralists dictate what Americans shall and shall not think and write, and every artist of integrity can be thrown to the dogs at a nod from the Caesars who rule the press as they do the mines, the mills, the factories and the land.

It is repulsive to see the old tart Monopoly, hounds yapping at her side, pretend to be a virgin and austere goddess. The defeat of the reactionary hypocrites on this issue is imperative.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE IMMIGRANT FATHER by A. M. Krich

(*Heard on the Radio*)
At last I face this thing I dread.
Gladly I would turn
My back on this event:
Forfeit every hard-earned cent
To see my dearest enemy here instead.
My words sucked from my mouth
Into this public instrument
Tear my very entrails out.
Like a gutted horse
My poor English stumbles in the ring;
I drag my carcass and my rider too.
Blow blow across the roofs
Into my adopted country's parlors.
Perhaps the scarcrow of my sorrow
Will chase the black bird of their fears;
At least until tomorrow
Laughter out of tears.
Here I am a man without a name.
And this is my greatest shame
That I must go
Beyond the circle of my own lament
To borrow ears I cannot see;
To ask from strangers what
The Almighty has refused to grant.
A riddle a riddle—
Why is one man big
And another man little?

Can I make him grow?
My son, sir, for I have only one,
Drives this question
Into his parents' heart
Like a merciless bargain.
Comes landlord of my flesh and blood
To collect the answer like the rent.
Cruel is our torment
And our life never oversweet
Has become bitter as gall.
Can I make my boy grow tall?
Because I was short I must confess
I married a short woman.
Should I have married a giantess?
Together we had a son.
This boy, sir, for I have only one.
We are a small family.
Everything small except our troubles;
To them we are as David before Goliath.
And though I knew I never could be king
I found a small trade—tailoring.
Paid my way like any man;
Never on the installment plan.
Many live better
But few have more purpose
To live bravely
Big as the shadow a man throws
In the high noon of his hope.

Yet in the dusty geography of a flat
Hot with argument about this and that
I learned how tragic separation
Walls the second generation
From the immigrant.
And though we fight it back
Like nausea in a public place
The wish to erase
The emblem of the Pale
Hangs heavy in the air.

I understand this thing—
A poor prince if I am king.
Now the time is coming when
The boy becomes a man again
To recapitulate the race.
And I am gadfly to his anger
For I am mirror to his face.
O tell my son what I cannot say.
That there is night in every day.
The man is always smaller than his need.
The fruit must never curse its seed.

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D.C. DATELINE *by Virginia Gardner*

Washington.

RECENTLY I asked Clarence Mitchell, who heads the Labor Division of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, whether discrimination was worse here or in his home town of Baltimore, in nearby Maryland. "It's immeasurably worse in Baltimore," he said. "But my goodness, this is the capital of the nation."

As it is, it's only a matter of degree. In Baltimore it is more naked. Mr. Mitchell told of an experience his wife had there which made him angrier than anything has since he's been adult. She went into a Baltimore store to buy a pair of shoes and was told she could have such and such a size but she couldn't try them on. So she asked to see a store official. "She had the children with her," he said, "and they heard her ask if this was Nazi Germany. Going down on the elevator the smallest boy said, 'Well, mother, it must not be, because I saw the American flag in his office.' When I was a boy in Baltimore, I had to go to work, and I got a job as a bellboy in a downtown hotel. What I experienced made me resolve then that I would do all I could to prevent my children and others from experiencing such things. Yet even here in the District of Columbia we have to send our children to segregated schools. We pass public parks where white children are playing in a pool, and they ask why they can't go there."

Except at cafeterias in government buildings, which are operated privately by a concessionaire, and in several YWCA cafeterias, the Union Station restaurant, and perhaps one or two others, none of this city's leading restaurants or cafeterias serve Negroes.

"I doubt very much," writes Leslie Perry, executive secretary of the Washington NAACP, in the November NAACP Bulletin, "if there is another capital of a nation which calls itself Christian and democratic (excepting Johannesburg, South Africa, which makes no serious claim to possessing either of these attributes) where well-demeaned citizens or visitors with money to spend cannot, if they happen to be Negroes, rent a room in an ordinary hotel, buy a ticket to a movie or stage show, get a simple meal in a restaurant, or a soft drink at a fountain serving the general public. . . ."

YET things are happening in Washington. Traveling on a bus to and from Virginia, I now have the distinct pleasure of seeing colored riders actually sitting in seats up front in the bus. Even after the Supreme Court decision ruling that interstate carriers were not required to conform to state laws of segregation, they were slow to take advantage of the ruling, so long had they been intimidated. But this is changing—even though I saw a driver shut the door before two Negroes could board a bus one bitter cold morning lately when the bus was crowded.

A victory in the struggle for Negro rights has been scored in the Scott case. The District coroner, belatedly and only after a campaign begun by the National Negro Congress and carried on jointly by the NNC and a broad group of organizations, has agreed to an inquest into the death of a twenty-four-year-old Negro, Charles W. Scott. Scott died in the jail infirmary under mysterious circumstances thirty-four hours after a traffic accident in which a police detective was killed, which was attended by wide publicity, with Scott declared the driver of a stolen car. Five days after Scott's death Coroner A. Magruder MacDonald announced it was due to "a rare reaction" to anti-tetanus serum.

In Baltimore Negroes can see a play from the third (not second) gallery, but here, not at all. The sole legitimate theater, the National, has a lily-white policy. When George Washington University's new million-dollar land-tax-exempt auditorium, gift of the late Abram Lisner, was thrown open to regular commercial productions, a group of thirty veterans and their guests, all students at Howard and Washington, were denied entrance. They were told the "community pattern" was one of racial segregation.

What has happened since shows how much can be stirred up when even a small amount of organized pressure begins the stirring process. Exactly five persons, hastily organized at the last minute before the opening of *Joan of Lorraine*, starring Ingrid Bergman, walked up and down before the entrance carrying placards. It was the work of the Washington council of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, and each placard bore its name. At the same time, independently, American Veterans Committee members at the university distributed leaflets. This so outraged the college authorities that they now are preventing AVC from meeting in school buildings, an eleven-man faculty-student committee having finally decided not to have Don Rothenberg, head of the university's AVC, expelled. AVC has not been intimidated. They again passed out leaflets when the Columbia Light Opera played at the Lisner auditorium. The Conference has said it would picket every future commercial show held there.

Such things are catching. The National Theater is now under fire, and an imposing list of playwrights in the Dramatists' Guild has issued a statement protesting "against the practice of racial discrimination in legitimate theaters and auditoriums in Washington," and supporting protests by the public "even if it leads to boycotting of our own plays." In future contracts they will require that the play not be presented in any theater or auditorium here which bars Negroes.

THE author of the Rowan civil rights bill for the District of Columbia, Rep. William A. Rowan of Chicago, was defeated in the election. In the last few days of the 79th Congress Rep. Adam Clayton Powell of New York introduced a District civil rights bill, but admittedly it was drawn hastily and is too general. The District of Columbia chapter of the National Lawyers' Guild in accepting a report from its Civil Liberties Committee calls for introduction of such legislation and recommends that it include provision for revocation of license on conviction twice or more in any one year. This would be most effective in forcing restaurants, hospitals, clinics, theaters, amusement parks, public parks and concert halls to abolish Jim Crow practices.

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review and comment

IDEAS IN THE THEATER

A study of the playwright as thinking citizen turns out to be more concerned with form.

By HARRY TAYLOR

THE PLAYWRIGHT AS THINKER, *by Eric Bentley. Reynal & Hitchcock.* $2.50.

THE theatrical season is still young, but already four Pulitzer prize-winning playwrights address us. They are masters of many styles and forms; but though the creative person never ceases the quest for expanded technique, our concern today is not so much with the form of expression as with the expression conveyed in the form. What, then, are these "engineers of the soul" thinking, what are they saying in this period of history while the wheel of contradiction emeries the knives of decision both for and against a humane society, or for that matter, the continuity of society at all? O'Neill tells us man cannot bear truth, neither should he live a lie: therefore, his only honorable course is self-destruction. Maxwell Anderson tells us man can survive by intuitive faith alone, any faith, since all faiths are closed to objective examination and are, therefore, of equal worth. George Kelly does not trouble himself about the broad subject of man's soul but contrives a pale, witless comedy about an absurdly romantic woman without for a moment considering the psychological chemistry of bourgeois escapism. Only Lillian Hellman directs her searching gaze to the roots of the poisonous tree dominating the forest of our society. Indeed, what about the playwright as thinker?

This is the title of Eric Bentley's book. Armed with a wide reading of the literature of the drama and its criticism, he ranges the dramatic landscape from Ibsen to Sartre with many darting but illuminating excursions to their progenitors. But, though he announces his theme in the first few pages and sketchily returns to it in the last chapter, the body of his book is actually a history of the genesis and development of modern dramatic style and form. As such, it is good; it will enrich the theater student's knowledge of theater literature and tradition as well as enlarge his field of reference. But it is not about the most significant striving of our time. That striving is for content; it is for the playwright as thinker, or, better yet, as citizen of the world, a citizen whose particular form of expression is the theater. Bentley ducks his own challenge, and for that reason his book is less provocative than provoking.

Surveying the ground, the author sees two opposing paths of drama which playwrights have taken since the rise of the middle class. Emile Zola and Friedrich Hebbel pioneered the naturalist path; Richard Wagner plowed up the non-naturalist path.

Following Zola and Hebbel, Henrik Ibsen brought their style to maturity and established the importance in the theater of the social problems currently confronting the middle-class individual in search of dignity and fulfillment. Next came Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw, the one scattering posies of social paradox and wit, the other enlarging the scope of naturalism to include a piercing view of capitalist society, its contradictions and its hypocricies. Luigi Pirandello then focused naturalism on the psychological metaphysical inner world of his own conception of the individual.

Non-naturalism, following Wagner's thunderclap gallop to the rescue of the muse of tragedy by myth, brass and electric light, was further explored by Maurice Maeterlinck's hazy, lyrical sentimentalism and by Leonid Andreyev's dream technique. But it was August Strindberg who endowed the dream play with the utmost fluidity, symbolism and expressionism while in pursuit of his inner daemon from reality to madness.

Today, Bentley finds that Jean-Paul Sartre, the existentialist, and Bertolt Brecht, the writer of epic drama, have to some extent broken down the division between naturalism and non-naturalism, although the first continues along Strindbergian lines to be absorbed in the inner world and the nature and fate of the individual, while the other views man objectively and didactically in relation to the forces of society.

THIS romantic meeting at long last of naturalism and non-naturalism both astonishes and delights Bentley. Can there be anything surprising, though, in the artist's using or inventing whatever form or forms will best carry his ideas? But then, neither is Bentley's gratification surprising. For having announced his theme to be the playwright as thinker, he then proceeds to throw so strong a beam on the growth of dramatic form that he bedazzles himself into giving form significance over content. This is the failure of his book.

It explains the detailed analysis of Wagner, Maeterlinck, Wilde, Andreyev, Pirandello, Cocteau, contrasted with a mere mentioning of Chekhov, Gorky, Tolstoy, O'Casey, Singe. It explains his otherwise impudent snub to even the names of Lillian Hellman, Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, perhaps the hardest thinking trio in the dramatic art of our day. Some things it does not explain, such as his callow dismissal of the American theater of 1920 to 1940, a period of intense experimentation in form and in the pro-

Ernie Jaediker.

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jection of ideas. He says of it, "The period had its important experiments and its important achievements; the experiments are only notorious and the achievements still almost unknown."

The blinding searchlight on form, not surprisingly, caused Bentley further disorders of astigmatism, myopia and double vision. Strindberg is thus seen as the greatest dramatic force of our time. Bentley says of him that if the twentieth century is to have a notable drama it will be due to Strindberg's inspiration. Describing Strindberg as "morbid, religious, reactionary, anti-feminist, pretentious and arty," telling us that this man saw the world through eyes that turned increasingly inward, Bentley can yet be indignant because Strindberg is a stranger to our stage whereas Ibsen continues to live. It is his opinion that Strindberg merely needs the laying on of hands by an Arthur Koestler or an Auden or someone else disillusioned with Marxism for him to rise again. This is an unconscious tribute to Marxists, for though we may honor Strindberg in his own time and go to school to him for technique and form, we do not admire his disordered, destructive portrayal of mankind. And perhaps only through the reactionary influence of a Koestler in a strongly reactionary time can the "morbid, reactionary" Strindberg return to a measure of popularity.

Preoccupation with form leads Bentley to ask why T. S. Eliot has not become one of our most important playwrights. But is not the pertinent answer that Eliot calls to us from the twelfth century and we are in the twentieth? Bentley says, "Most often, perhaps, the modern tragic writer sides with the individual against the mass and sees the struggle between greatness and mediocrity, the living and the petrifact." And he asks, is this not the position of Nietzsche, of Eliot and of Ibsen? To put Ibsen in such company! Ibsen who sought to find in man his own authority for being and decision, where Nietzsche and Eliot place it in blood, in myth, in the representatives of the supernatural steeped in medieval authoritarianism.

Preoccupation with form causes Bentley to call attention to Shaw's invention of the political extravaganza drama and to guess that only Shaw's advancing age prevented him from doing his best work in that form. But perhaps a better answer would be that the Fabianism that served Shaw so well before the gathering storm of the First World War proved itself merely an instrument for evasion and avoidance of the sharpening contradictions of the Thirties.

It is high time to ask ourselves: how is it that a man of Bentley's scholarship and genuine interest in drama can begin with the playwright as thinker and go on to write a book about form in which all content, reactionary or democratic, decadent, nihilistic or virile and humane are of exactly equal worth? Bentley would indignantly protest being placed with Lawrence Langner and Brooks Atkinson in their opposition to the theater of our time having our time in it. And, indeed, he is the translator of Brecht's *The Private Life of the Master Race*. But his taste in content is as uncritical and all-inclusive as theirs is exclusive. Both views serve reaction. Would it be too presumptuous to suggest that this unadmirable receptivity stems from the same root as his occasional sneers at Communists and his hope that we shall have "a revulsion against Marxism" soon? Has not the critic rejected the one tool above all others that might have led him to a scientific examination and appraisal of the playwright as thinker in relation to the very real world in which even the theater shares? There is, perhaps, too much of art for art's sake in Bentley's scoring.

AND yet, there is a duality in his attitude; for in the last chapter he affirms his belief in the theater of ideas and more especially in the political theater. Declaring that Broadway has killed drama, he looks for its resurrection in the non-commercial, non-professional little theaters and campus theaters of the country. Once these have restored artistic standards, it would be possible to establish people's theaters which, in Romain Rolland's conception, would be recreational, a source of energy and a guiding light to the intelligence. Bentley lauds the Federal Theater and asserts that people's theater is not possible without government subsidy.

To whatever extent this is true—and certainly government money is helping to create throughout Great Britain scores of local theaters, popularly priced and with central and exchange relations—we in America cannot wait to win the same right to government subsidy that, for instance, commercial air-carriers and private shipping enjoy. Already there are interesting signs of ferment in our theater. However slight the degree, they are stirring Broadway

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producers out of their apathy to the drama of ideas. The American Negro Theater is striving for the status of a people's theater. The American Repertory Company, if it is not killed off by too high price-scales and the disintegrating temptations of Hollywood, may move toward a people's theater. The American National Theater Conference is working hard to stimulate the production of new plays in colleges and little theaters. In cooperation with Theater, Inc., the Theater Guild and American Repertory, it has persuaded the Dramatists' Guild, Equity and the Stagehands' Union to permit professional experimental productions of new plays at a feasible cost. From my own knowledge, there are not a few talented playwrights who would welcome and profit by such production. Indeed, there are groups of writers more or less close to Theater, Inc. and the Theater Guild which take their chances of becoming significantly creative theater units very seriously. All this is not yet people's theater; but it demonstrates a healthy activity on the part of theater professionals to create theater they can respect as a first essential to engaging the respect and support of others. A people's theater can come about only by the combined efforts of theater workers and a consciously willing audience.

In such a time as this we can use not only Mr. Bentley's book on the history of modern form, but even more a book that very much needs writing—on the playwright as thinker.

Scrambled

THE GOLDEN EGG, *by James Pollak. Holt.* $3.

THE definitive novel about Hollywood is still to be written, and it will be a great novel when a great novelist tackles the job. Mr. Pollak, who has been identified in one capacity or another with what is called "The Industry" by those who work in it, has attempted a broad canvas and used for his subjects what he apparently believes to be a "typical" dynasty—the Levinson family.

In the Levinsons, who were born Levinsky, there *may* be found something of the Warners, the Schulbergs, something of Thalberg, perhaps a little of Mayer and of Goldwyn. But they are mostly Pollak, and they are mostly legend. They follow, however, the legendary career of pants-presser to producer which has become part of the anti-Semitic credo so far as Hollywood is concerned.

I do not believe Mr. Pollak is consciously an anti-Semite, but his novel, *The Golden Egg,* objectively provides ammunition for the enemies of the Jews, the enemies of the people. For the Levinsons, who dominate the scene, are as low a tribe of human beings as you are likely to find within the covers of one book. They cannot speak good English (and much "humor" is derived from this fact), but more important, they are ignorant, grasping, unscrupulous and cannibalistic. By strictly legal means they swindle their way into the industry and build their dynasty. By strictly legal means their son Willie swindles his father and uncle out of their business and is in turn swindled out of it by others. That is the end of the Levinsons; and that is Mr. Pollak's story.

It is true that this is also one of the many Hollywood stories, and Mr. Pollak might very well argue that he has seen the truth and written it down. He could defend himself against charges of anti-Semitism by pointing to Dr. Lansburgh, the family physician. He could bolster his claim to have told the truth by indicating the far from Jewish banking house that really controls the Levinsons.

But the fact is that the truth Mr. Pollak has seen and put down on paper is a surface truth. With the possible exception of "Momma," he has not created a believable character. Dr. Lansburgh's role as the voice of the social conscience is reduced to delivering platitudinous moral lectures at infrequent junctures of the story. The non-Jewish banking house that controls the Levinsons is merely suggested. And the net result is a foreground portrait of a Jewish family who will be taken as representative of the people who control the movies, when they are in very truth minor characters in the great drama that is Hollywood itself.

The motion picture industry is a powerful and sprawling monopoly, controlled by the very same forces of finance-capital that today are attempting to smash the labor movement throughout the country, drive down the living standards of the people and lead the nation into war. No novel has yet been written that examines deeply, profoundly, the nature and the scope of this monopoly. In Mr. Pollak's story—as in the movies them-

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selves—the villain of the piece, the banker, is an anomalous figure who picks up a telephone and says, "Sell short!"

Mr. Pollak is afraid to touch him; and so are the moving pictures.

But he *must* be touched—he must be examined and understood. For the corruption Mr. Pollak attempts to portray in his story of the Levinsons has for its roots not the ignorance, the vulgarity and the cupidity of the Levinsons of Hollywood, but the monopoly nature of the industry itself. And the progressive forces at work in Hollywood are to be found today not in the individual Lucy Strawbridges who try to influence the Willie Levinsons (and significantly she is a Christian girl), but in certain sections of the labor movement that are today fighting for their very lives against the monopoly control of Hollywood.

The definitive novel of Hollywood will reveal that labor movement (to Mr. Pollak it apparently does not exist at all), as well as the Willie Levinsons, who want power and are corrupted by it, the Lucy Strawbridges, who possess a background of culture and would like to see the movies influence people along cultural lines, and the bankers—who play the tunes to which the Levinsons and the Lucy Strawbridges dance.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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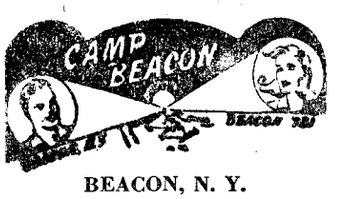

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JANUARY
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sights and sounds

FAITH—ACTIVE OR PASSIVE?

Anderson's new play about Joan of Arc leaves the question in a pit of mystical indecision.

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S *Joan of Lorraine* is a play within a play. The internal action is in the form of rehearsals of scenes of a play in process of production. The external action is given over to huddles of the director and the cast and arguments between him and the star. Action is rather a misleading word here, for the core of the play is discussion, with the disputed meanings of the rehearsed play as the subject.

By this device of a play within a play Anderson is enabled to carry on the discussion on two levels. The dilemmas of the production are related to the dilemmas in the play. The point of crisis, the clash between the director and the star over the interpretation of her role, is resolved in a rehearsal scene when the director, substituting for an absent actor, embodies an agreement with her, in the rewritten dialogue. And the counterpoint of argument *within* and *about* the play is interesting, in itself, and keeps the edge of the discussion sharp.

The points taken up in the discussion are two, and one of them is settled in the play. The resolved question is: May one compromise if it leads to the fulfilment of one's aim? The answer, as given in the play, is positive. To secure the liberation of her country, Joan brings herself to work with and even in the interests of ignoble men. A parallel is given in the circumstances of the production of the play, whose "angel" is a swindler.

The other question, however, is left unresolved. Putting it as simply as I can the question is: How do men come by the convictions on which they act? As Mr. Anderson puts it to us, we rationalize what we already believe, and the conviction is the starting point, not the end. We act on faith.

But this takes the argument back to its own beginning. By what process does a man arrive at his faith? In such action as the rehearsed portions of the play develop, we see the people encountered by Joan draw faith from her faith. But this, too, pulls us back to the beginning. If the source of their faith is in Joan, where does her faith come from?

Does it come from her saintly "voices"? The implications in the play are that the voices are objectifications of Joan's inner conviction. Which derives from where? The question of faith is thus left in a pit of mystical indecision. If faith is self-generated and self-justified, as Anderson seems to conclude, then fascists and even lunatics are justified since they too have faith in their evil and in their delusions.

That preposterous conclusion has been answered in the World War in which fascism was fought to the death; and it is daily answered in the forcible confinement of lunatics. Mankind cannot afford to tolerate active evil and lunacy, no matter how firm the conviction that directs their action. Mr. Anderson's mystical conclusion seems to come from a lack of faith in social science.

But there are, already, large areas in life in which conviction is founded in evidence and logic. In chemistry, for example (giving full consideration to the special contribution and leadership of the exceptional experimenter, the genius), we accept laboratory results derived from evidence and logic, not from faith. And we are moving to a similar acceptance in other fields where the operations of social and psychological science are, as yet, kept restricted and tentative.

In surrendering those areas to the mystically unknowable Mr. Anderson must leave faith sunk in passivity. In turn, choosing one of the most militant and active of the saints as his character, he must present her as an ordinary, obsessed, passive and enduring female martyr. But the combination of patriotic anxiety and submission to divine will shown in his Joan was a common enough commodity and, by itself, if that could have done it, should have liberated France a hundred times over before she appeared. But in the circumstances of France, during that crisis, faith had to be activated, as in fact it was, through the strong-willed and dynamic personality of the historical Joan.

Mr. Anderson's conception of Joan is far from that. It leaves her almost depersonalized. She is presented as a sort of holy neuter, a mere vehicle for the will of her sky-high saints. It is hard to believe in these remote saints, unrelated to anything tangible in Joan's personality, as objectifications of her inner convictions. For Mr. Anderson shows us nothing in his Joan out of which such convictions could grow and move on into actions. His Joan is merely a rather poorly-chosen instrument of divine will.

It is strange that Mr. Anderson should so conceive Joan after Shaw had helped to restore her to energetic humanity. One must assume, reluctantly, that Mr. Anderson preferred a conception of Joan in which the sources and nature of faith could be held in question, though that meant ignoring historical evidence.

Meager as are the historical references to Joan, they add up, nevertheless, to a forceful and effective personality. Her campaigning showed strategic insight and resourcefulness; and the discipline she brought into the French army showed an orderly and dominating mind. Mr. Anderson's—and Miss Bergman's—Joan could not have won victories and liberated her country without "divine" assistance. Their Joan's "voices" could not have been objectifications of inner convictions; but in the historical Joan they were and she exploited them as Napoleon exploited his "destiny" and Alexander the myth of his divine descent.

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the personality through which passive faith could be activated, taking her to the head of armies. We see a hard-willed, masculine sort of woman who craved command, who took to man's dress and could not return to woman's even in the prison cell and even to save her life; and who seems to have had an obsessive revulsion against being reacted to as a woman by men. In turn there is a suggestion of horror, as at something unnatural, in the attitude of her own officers and soldiers toward her. It would serve partially to explain their failure to attempt her rescue after she was taken prisoner by the English.

Whether the leaderly and commanding traits in Joan's character reached abnormal points is immaterial. What is historically clear is that they existed in her nature; that the desperate need of her country brought them into action; and that in a situation where the male leaders of the nation had been dragged down to a cynical despair that made action impossible for them, her qualities received one of the rare opportunities for fulfilment that history has offered to a woman.

For these reasons, because Miss Bergman is beautiful to behold and so convincingly the "gentle maid," she is as miscast in her role as the role is misconceived in the writing—if we consider that Mr. Anderson sought to use history to answer his questions about faith. Even costumed in armor, Miss Bergman remains feminine and gracious, making it hard to see in her the general who could force new strategic conceptions on the French command, and could conduct campaigns and win battles.

But within Mr. Anderson's conception Miss Bergman plays her part with a direct and unaffected earnestness that was beautiful to watch. Sam Wanamaker, as the director, turned in another excellent performance; and the acting and staging were effective.

"THE FATAL WEAKNESS," George Kelly's comedy about marriage, is keenly written, exquisitely produced and brilliantly performed, particularly by Ina Claire, who displayed what seemed to be the most flavorous acting I have seen this year. The play contrasts the preposterous romanticism about marriage of an older generation with the equally preposterous worldliness that is a contemporary fashion. The contrast strikes off some telling sparks of insight and wit, though it does not cut to any depth.

AS ONE means of disarming criticism, the producers of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* call it a *light* comedy. Mr. Coward has done more than attempt to disarm his critics. He has written his revenge upon them, into his play, in the form of a repulsive character who lectures the vain but supposedly charming actor-hero of the play on the solemnities and responsibilities of his profession. It remains necessary for the critic to characterize this comedy as trivial as well as light. Written with a sort of tired craftiness, its ancient bawdy situations and over-familiar smart lines forced laughs from the audience like digs in the ribs. It is a pity to have Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden and Doris Dalton waste their good performances in it.

THERE is enough irony in the expertly-turned lines of *Park Avenue* to give edge to its satire on the marriage customs of the rich. Nunally Johnson and George S. Kauffman, who wrote the book, and Ira Gershwin, who wrote the lyrics for Arthur Schwartz's score, have used their celebrated skill to contrive a hit. Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margetson and a good supporting company of singers and prettily costumed dancers give a trim and lively performance.

FILMS

THE antics of the average movie publicity department should not, at this late date, cause any surprise. Yet there are times when the doings of the tub-thumpers startle even a Times Square newsdealer, than whom there are none more blase or knowing. The publicity for *Open City* was so fashioned as to have people think the picture dealt with a wide-open city; Colonel Blimp was billboarded as a fatuous roue; the early posters of *The Informer* promised moviegoers a lurid tale of wine, women and song.

The most recent example of such unbridled advertising is furnished by the advance publicity for *Undercurrent* (Capitol). For weeks the blurbists imparted to this picture an air of well-guarded mystery. Even the critics, in a spirit of clean, though unhealthy, fun, promised publicly not to tell. Well, there is nothing to reveal except that *Undercurrent* has nothing to guard

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and nothing to tell. It has no sudden, ingenious turns or surprise ending. It has a few odd moments of suspense created by the unoriginal situation of a defenseless woman locked up in a house with a homicidal maniac of a husband. Nobody, of course, suspects he's a killer — that is, except the wife — which makes her chances of survival very, very slim.

In its effort to establish a psychological relationship between a husband and a wife, *Undercurrent* is no better or worse than the routine film attempt to do the same thing. But as a thrillodrama, as the trade now calls this type of film, it is Grade B. In its manufacture of threat, suspense and shock, it is decidedly inferior to *By Candlelight, The Spiral Staircase* and *My Name Is Julia Ross,* films that have been put together by the same formula. Its only obvious advantage over its competitors is in having Katherine Hepburn in its cast.

ONE of my more enlightened English teachers once listed what he regarded as the top American literary works. Among them were *Moby Dick, Sister Carrie, The Scarlet Letter* and the *Uncle Remus* stories. Consequently, when I learned that Disney's *Song of the South* was based on the Joel Chandler Harris tales, I hurried to the Palace in great anticipation. At last the screen had recognized American Literature.

The result was not only a disregard of the original qualities of the book but a monstrous perversion of them. Instead of an inventive, ingenious storyteller who weaves the homilies and morals of his social world into delightfully conceived animal escapades, we get the nauseating symbol of an ultra-contented slave who uses his stories to make the little master behave properly. In the film he is intellectually one short step ahead of his child audience. When he is scolded by the mistress of the big white house, he shuffles off hurt as a child is hurt at being misunderstood. Otherwise he is contented and happy. In fact everybody is happy. All the slaves sing the clock around. At work, after work, on their way to work. Even Hattie McDaniel, who has never sung before, gets a song for herself, as she bakes millions of cakes and pies for the gracious white folks. So grateful are the field hands for their technicolor bondage that they sing a song advising all and sundry to be grateful to the master for letting them stay.

The picture has created a good deal

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of controversy over its treatment of the Negro. But I think that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People sums it up accurately when it condemns *Song of the South* for "giving an impression of an idyllic master-slave relationship which is a distortion of the facts."

The rest is average Disney.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

ART

THE fourth annual exhibition of the Artists' League of America at the Riverside Museum was highlighted by a remarkable canvas by Anthony Toney called "Four Corners," depicting a typical main street peopled with symbols and scenes of bigotry and persecution, apathy and despair. There is a note of aspiration in a floating figure reaching out to control the atom bomb. Rich and compelling in associations, this ambitious work marks a forward approach to a synthesis of social values and modern plastic forms. A bold sweeping line, an orchestral paint texture are mixed with intricate bits of figure painting which serve as apparent collage contrast to the larger forms. Diverse modern idioms are used, including surrealism, but they are all integrated by means of a new form that comes close to suggesting the stream of consciousness method in the novel.

The artist told me that he was trying to render the terrifying apathy many GI's meet on their return home; that his "Four Corners" in Gloversville, N. Y., is faced with the same forebodings as any other corner on earth. You will hear a lot more from this man Toney. Watch him.

Another canvas worth noting was "Nostalgia" by Remo Farruggio, an imaginative and haunting picture showing fine progress in this artist's work. There were also good items by Irving Lehman, Norman Barr, Henry Kallem, Leo Quanchi, Frank Kleinholz, Joe Wolins and Shirley Hendrick.

The show, though vigorous in spots, revealed what may be noted as a current symptom among many of our younger painters, a too-impetuous paint technique reminiscent of Quixote's tilt with the windmills, and just as futile. A theme does not lose in power by a little use of control.

The sculpture group was highly unified in comparison and was as fine an ensemble as I've encountered in a long time. Mitzi Solomon, Mary Perry, Herzel Emanuel and Seymour Lipton are a few top representatives.

The ALA's aim "effectively to promote cultural growth, economic security and social progress" is worthy enough and its progressive role dates back to Artists' Union days. It welcomes all professional artists.

THE fifth annual exhibition of the Audubon Artists (ending December 15) has so enlarged its exhibitors' list that the work is scattered in no less than seven different galleries—an unwieldly affair, to say the least. There is a point in large-scale group shows where the law of diminishing returns begins to operate, and I should say it works here. In the Audubon credo we learn "there is a very close balance between good and bad, right and wrong, progress and retrogression, genius and insanity—the dividing line is often imperceptible and the deciding factor is control or restraint." It would be hard to find a sentence more riddled with platitudes.

Nevertheless, swarms of painters, sculptors and printmakers sought the opportunity to display their work. This is both a comment on the prodigious art activity taking place today and the limited exhibition channels of 57th Street for new work.

The work itself, even if it were grouped together in a single body, is not a true or revealing cross-section of American painting today. Many of the solid names are missing and a good number of perfectly conventional pictures are present. There is neither plan nor direction in the whole setup. The only point in its favor, and it is an important one, is the chance it has given some new talent to get work on the wall. I therefore note as newcomers to watch (new to me) Sperry Andrews, Joseph Gualtieri, Kenneth Nack, Ruth Egri-Holden, Charles Joffe, Narcisse Chamberlain, Charles Smith, Nona Owens, Milton Charles and Diane Gassoun. Among the better-known painters, Prestopino has a powerful city scene which is easily his best work to date, and there are good items by Herman Maril, Ben Wilson, E. Trubach, Nicholas Takis, Arthur Osver, George Constant and Henri Billings. Most of the work mentioned is from the displays at the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the ACA Gallery, which seem to house the best work. The physical difficulties of re-

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viewing this show make it impossible to give a fuller account.

JOSEPH SOLMAN.

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(*Continued from page 26*)

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